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AGNES ARNOLD.

AGNES ARNOLD.

A NOVEL.

BY

WILLIAM BERNARD MAC CABE.

He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy.

PERICLES, act 1, s. 1.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS CAUTLEY NEWBY,
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AGNES ARNOLD.

CHAPTER I.

STRANGE NEWS—IRISH NEWSPAPERS IN '98.

THE resumption of her toil by Lucy seemed to attract the attention of Mr. Kirwan, for stopping short in his weary walk, he said to her :—

“ My good girl, you seem to me to be always engaged in the same task—making little black frocks. Who are they for ? Not for yourself, I am sure.”

“ Oh ! dear, no, sir,” replied Lucy. “ I have been making black bonnets, black petticoats, and

black frocks during the whole week for Miss Arnold."

"For Miss Arnold! Why, they seem to be all too small for her!"

"Not too small to give away, sir. They are all for the little sister of Nannie Corbet——"

"I forgot! I forgot! Selfish being that I am!" said Mr. Kirwan, bitterly. "I forgot that other cruel murder which was caused, and therefore committed by the same villain who has filled this house with grief and mourning. God help me! The wretch's blood-stained hand seems to reach and touch me, whatever side I turn."

Whilst Mr. Kirwan was thus speaking, Pat Kinchela entered the room, bearing in his hand a large letter.

Pat Kinchela was dressed in deep mourning, and his manner was quite changed from what it had been when he was escorting Lucy home from Turview. His eyes were downcast, his step slow,

and his mouth tightly puckered up, as if he was afraid his natural buoyancy, suppressed in all the movements of his limbs, should burst forth in words, and therefore he had placed a stern and watchful guard over his tongue. There appeared to be left to him but one consolation ; and that was to hear his name mispronounced by the English lips of Lucy Watford, every time he approached her. On this, as on all other occasions that presented themselves, or whenever he could make an opportunity, Kinchela instead of walking directly up to Mr. Kirwan, sidled round the room to squeeze Lucy's hand as he passed, and to hear these words, that sounded so sweetly in his ears.

“ Poor, dear Pat Kin—shee—lay ! ”

“ So, Kinchela,” said Mr. Kirwan, “ I see you have a letter for me. Who brought it ? ”

“ The doctor's man, sir, Mick M'Evoy, your honour.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Kirwan, taking the letter, “and I perceive, by the handwriting, it is from the Doctor himself. Here, Kinchela, give this dollar to the man; and then take him into the pantry, and let him have whatever he likes. It may be necessary to send back an answer with him.”

“Mick M’Evoy won’t take the silver, your honour, nor a bit of meat, nor a drop of drink, in this house, to-day, Mr. Kirwan.”

“Why not, Kinchela?”

“Because he is off already—more than a mile on his way home, by this time. ‘Mick M’Evoy,’ says I to him, when I saw him coming up the avenue, with this great big letter. ‘Mick, my honey, but you are heartily welcome, and the devil take the roof off the house that you would not be welcome in.’ ‘Pat Kinchela,’ says he to me, ‘don’t be saying them words, for they are

unlucky, because, the Lord between us and all harm ! it is the very devil himself that is the busy this day, pulling the roof off many an honest, decent man's house ; but what is more, Pat Kinchela,' says he, 'and what you would never think of hearing in a Christian country, the devil has had the power to pull the roof off of more than one chapel, and to get his imps out of hell, the Orangemen, to burn those blessed places of worship to the ground.' 'Is it the truth,' says I, 'Mick M'Evoy, jewel, is it the truth you are telling me ; for if it is a lie, and I hope it is, still you have taken such a fright out of me,' says I, 'that I hope you may never have power to tell the truth all the rest of your life.' 'Ah, then, Pat Kinchela,' says Mick M'Evoy to me, 'Ah, then, Pat Kinchela, what a dismal idea of fun you must have, when you could think I would make a joke of burning a chapel. That I may never get off this horse with my life, Pat Kinchela,'

says Mick M'Evoy to me, 'but it is nothing but the truth I am telling you; and what is more I have to tell you, is, that there is the real, real Old Boy's work going on all over Ireland—burning, and slaying, and murdering, and killing, and houghing, and picketing, and bayonetting, and shooting, and hanging, and putting creatures with their naked feet on pickets, and tying them up, and giving them a thousand lashes on the naked back, and then hanging them, and clapping hot pitch-caps on their heads, and then setting the pitch-caps on fire—and that is the work that is going on now, so that no man is safe who is found in the open road, or seen working in the fields; and no man, nor woman, nor child is safe in their own poor cabins; so that the only chance at long last is for the people to turn out and murder all the Orangemen—if they can. And so, good bye, Pat Kinchela, and God send we may all be alive this day twelvemonth! and there

is a mighty poor chance for that same ; and so, God bless you ! Pat Kinchela, and all in the house, and save them from the army in general, and the yeomen in particular. And so, again good bye, I dare not stop a minute longer, for it was at the peril of my life that I brought that letter from the Doctor, who bid me tell Mr. Kirwan not to dilly-dally over it, as he is too apt to do ; but to read it at once, or to let Mr. John and the young lady read it, for it is a matter of life and death, Pat Kinchela.' And when Mick M'Evoy said that, he was off like a sky-rocket, and out of sight, before you could say, ' whip, Jack, spur, and away ! ' "

" Here, John," said Mr. Kirwan, placing the bulky letter in the hands of his nephew, " Read this for Agnes and myself."

Lucy put aside her work, and taking Kinchela by the hand, said, as she left the room :—

“Come along! Move a little quicker! poor, dear Pat Kin—shee—lay!”

The following letter was read aloud by John for his uncle and Agnes Arnold:—

“My dear friends (for this letter is addressed to Miss Arnold, Mr. Kirwan, and his nephew), I have, without consulting you, taken measures for your safety, which I deem, under existing circumstances, to be indispensable.

“I have engaged births in the barque, ‘William of Nassau,’ which leaves Wexford to-morrow at noon, for you three, with the two servants, Kinchela and Lucy.

“When you have perused the enclosures I now send you—extracts from the *Dublin Public Register*, a newspaper organ of the Castle—you will find that none of you ought to remain an hour longer in Ireland.

“I shall meet you to-morrow morning at ten o’clock, in Wexford, I calculate upon obtaining,

from the authorities, a pass, which will facilitate your departure.

“ Ever, my dear friends,

“ Your sincere well-wisher,

“ H. DEVITT.

“ Postscript.—The destination of the barque, ‘ William of Nassau,’ is Milford Haven, and then Bristol. You can land at whichever port you prefer.

“ Second Postscript.—In cutting out the extracts from the *Public Register*, I forgot to notice the dates; but I have placed them in their order of time—as well as I can recollect it. I am not, however, quite sure they are correct. I receive the newspaper regularly; but seldom have leisure to look at it. I consider it very unfortunate I did not do so; for had I read some of these paragraphs, at the time they were published, I would, most assuredly, have before now

urged you to leave the country. As it is, I trust, the advice has not come too late."

ENCLOSURE No. I.

"The audacity of the rebels is every day becoming more intolerable, and its malignity manifesting itself in parts of the country where a wise, good, generous, and paternal government fondly fancied that its beneficent intentions towards the deluded population of this most miserable country were duly appreciated and loyally responded to.

"We regret to say that accounts have reached this our office—the office of the ever loyal *Public Register*—of a most brutal, horrid, sanguineous and inhuman outrage perpetrated at a place in the County of Wexford, known as Turview, the nefarious particulars of which we have now to place before our readers; and upon the accuracy

of which, in all its details, as supplied to us, the most implicit confidence may be reposed.

“This diabolical transaction is interwoven with one of the valiant achievements of Captain Hepenstall, whose name has frequently appeared in the columns of this journal, associated with terms of praise, but none adequate to express our high admiration of his exalted merits; for he is a gentleman, as distinguished by his loyalty as a subject, as he is illustrious for his bravery as a soldier, and as he is renowned for his chivalrous qualities as a commissioned officer in the service of our good and pious monarch, whom God long preserve from the machinations of his enemies!

“Captain Hepenstall!—our pen trembles in our editorial fingers, and its nib drops black tears of ink whilst it announces the fact—Captain Hepenstall was very near becoming the victim of a cunning, devilish, and satanic con-

spiracy against his precious life ! which was concocted, and was on the point of being carried into execution by certain cannibal-minded and inhuman rebels at Turview, in the County of Wexford, aforesaid !

“ Captain Hepenstall having private information that there was to be a large and multitudinous assemblage of rebellious insurgents in Turview under the false and barefaced pretence of welcoming home a young lady—whose name, our well-known respect for the fair sex, precludes us from mentioning in connection with the sanguinary and demoniacal transaction we are about to detail. Captain Hepenstall having reason to believe, that not only would there be this audacious gathering of infernal rebels ; but that at their head would appear a certain notorious and detestable individual, whose rebellious tendencies are well known to our paternal and generous government, and against whom depositions have

been received, to the effect, that ‘he has been collecting arms and drilling all the persons over whom his unhappy influence can extend in the use of deadly weapons.’ Captain Hepenstall, our ferociously valiant friend (if he will permit us the great honour of calling him friend) having this information, determined not only upon dispersing the rebellious assemblage, but also arresting their leader—the notorious and disloyal, but we regret to add—wealthy individual—before referred to. Captain Hepenstall, whose burning loyalty makes him no respecter of persons, and whose outrageous bravery never permits him to calculate upon the numbers that may be opposed to him, determined upon taking with him, that ever-to-be-honoured, and never-sufficiently-to-be-appreciated individual, James O’Brien, Esq., of Kevin Street, with Sergeant-Major Keogh, Corporal James Kendrick, and Lance-Corporal John Mallet, and a few other members of that glorious

band of patriots, and true lovers of their country, incorporated in a body that will ever be embalmed in the tenderest recollection of gratefully loyal Ireland—as ‘Beresford’s dogs of war.’

“Never was there a nobler action performed—or, rather, attempted to be performed—than that which was in this instance undertaken by the valorous Hepenstall, and his loyal associates. Regardless of numbers they resolved upon arresting the notorious, detestable, and disloyal individual, we have before alluded to. They appeared in the midst of the rebellious assemblage which was daring to dance, in their presence, to the old Jacobite rebellious tune of ‘the White Cockade’! They (the loyalists), provoked at this insult, were in the act of rushing upon the notorious, detestable, and disloyal individual, when a signal was given—one of the pandemonium United Irish signs—and in the twinkling of an eye!—the whole assemblage BRISTLED WITH PIKES!!!

and the forlorn few loyalists found themselves in the midst of AN ARMY OF REBELS !!! Captain Hepenstall, whose prudence is on a par with his courage, determined upon a retrograde movement ; but in its execution, we regret to say the gallant and chivalrous Hepenstall was severely wounded, the heroic Serjeant-Major Keogh, the valiant Tom Kendrick, and the brave John Mallet were SLAIN !!!

“Generous Martyrs ! your hearts we trust shall yet be enshrined in a blood-stone sarcophagus, emblematic of your loyalty ! whilst the pious king, George III., in whose service you have fallen, and for the maintenance of whose crown and dignity you were sacrificed, has (we understand) already wet through three purple-and-blue cambric pocket-handkerchiefs (we have the fact from a reliable source) in lamenting your untimely ends.

“The horrors of the scene at Turview did not

terminate here. Amongst the casualties of the night are to be reckoned a wound upon the posterior portion of the pericranium of the-ever-to-be-honoured, and never-sufficiently-enough-to-be-appreciated James O'Brien, Esq., of Kevin Street; as well as the barbarous, inhuman, and unprovoked murder of a fascinating loyal young lady, a Miss Anna, Anne, or Nannie (our informant is not certain which) Corbet, who was shot dead by the rebels because she chose to appear amongst them with orange lilies in her maiden hair, and an orange sash encircling her virgin waist!!!

“ Thus our readers will perceive with disgust and indignation that in a portion of the county Wexford, hitherto wrongfully supposed to be the abode of peace, loyalty, fraternal feeling and Orangeism, the rebels are confederated in countless numbers, and super-abundantly supplied with arms. Circumstances solely attributable

to the notorious, detestable and wealthy individual before referred to.

“We add (but without pledging our veracity to the fact), that the well-known W.—— P.—— M.—— was present at the attack on the brave Hepenstall, and his valiant assistants; and we are happy to inform our readers that a coroner’s inquest has been held on the mortal remains of the three immortally loyal martyrs, Sergeant-Major Keogh, Corporal James Kendrick, and Lance-Corporal John Mallet, and a verdict returned of ‘wilful murder against some person or persons unknown,’ and—warrants issued for their apprehension.”

ENCLOSURE No. II.

“Amid the gloom that surrounds us, and even in the very centre of that turbid opacity with which foul treason, vile rebellion, and abo-

minable insurgency overshadow the land, there are still occasionally to be discerned translucent scintillations of that fervent loyalty which should irradiate and exhilarate the bosom of every valourous and devoted subject of His Most Gracious Majesty. And happy are we to know, and thrice happy are we to record that where such manifestations are made we have one to appreciate them in the person of our glorious, great, and good Lord-Lieutenant, His Excellency, the Earl Camden, General-Governor, and Governor-General of Ireland—an illustrious individual, whose felicity it seems to be to reward valour, to decorate virtue, and to bestow on loyalty those testimonials of approval, which compensate the generous, and impart a cheering consolation to the well-disposed.

“The most recent instance of his Excellency’s conduct in this respect occurred yesterday; and the particulars of the transaction are—like all

other statements ever to be found in our—the veracious columns of the loyal *Public Register*—derived from the highest, purest, best, surest, and most authentic sources.

“ Amongst the witnesses who were yesterday examined—before His Most Gracious Majesty’s Right Honourable Privy Council with respect to the progress now making through different parts of Ireland of that most infernal combination of rebels called the United Irish Society—was Lieutenant James Kirwan Williams—a valiant loyalist, a disinterested, self-sacrificing loyalist—whose appearance before the Privy Council excited the deepest sympathy of his auditors, for his face and person still presented traces of injuries inflicted upon him by the base and treacherous rebels, who conducted themselves towards him as foul midnight assassins !

“ The information given by this virtuous, self-sacrificing, and super-excellent young gentle-

man was considered so deeply important by his Excellency and the Privy Council—that a commission as Captain in his Majesty's army was, with an Order on the Treasury for £500, at once bestowed upon him by our ever-to-be-beloved Lord-Lieutenant, who at the same time, declared he would submit Captain James Kirwan Williams's name to the especial attention of our ever-to-be-venerated Sovereign, as deserving of some peculiar mark of his Majesty's approbation; for it appears that Captain Williams has made great, large, and very important pecuniary sacrifices, not to speak of intense personal feelings, and deep-rooted family affections upon the burning altar of ardent loyalty which flames within his guileless and gallant heart. For instance, contrary to the express prohibition of a kinsman, to whose extensive estates he is presumptive heir, Captain Williams established an Orange Lodge at Turview in the county Wexford; also finding

that his kinsman—an atrocious rebel unworthy of having such a nephew—was engaged in extending United Irish Society conventicles, and purchasing arms for the future use of the rebels, the loyal Captain, like another Junius Brutus, preferring the interest of his king and country to the nearest, closest, tenderest, and dearest ties of relationship, has directed the attention of Government towards his wicked and cruel kinsman's secret machinations; and so proved that the strongest of all sentiments in his own pure bosom is attachment to the Sovereign, a devotion to the Government, and an abhorrence of all insurgents, their aiders, comforters, and abettors.

“ We hope, in a few days, to be in a position to place before our readers the happy results that have followed from the valuable information conveyed to the Government through the instrumentality of the philanthropic Captain James Kirwan Williams.”

ENCLOSURE No. III.

“We referred in a recent number of this—our loyal journal—to the good, great, virtuous, disinterested, and loyal young gentleman, James Kirwan Williams, Esq., who was rewarded by his Excellency (our beloved and humane Lord-Lieutenant), with a captain’s commission in his Majesty’s army, and an Order on the Treasury for £500. May piety, loyalty, candour, truth, and humanity be ever so fittingly compensated in this world, as they are sure of a crown of immortal glory in the next !

“We then stated that we hoped in a few days to be in a position to mention some of the valuable results of the invaluable information communicated to the Privy Council by Captain Williams.

“That hope we are now about to realise, for our own great gratification, and the still higher felicity of our readers.

“It now appears that the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the leader of the Irish rebels, is to be attributed, in no slight degree, to the sagacity of Captain Williams, and a most intimate, as well as highly respectable friend of his who were travelling in a gig together, from Wexford (where they had been sojourning for a few days) into Dublin, on the night that Lord Edward, with the aid of his adherents, was repairing to his place of concealment in Thomas Street.

“Our ever-vigilant as ever-illustrious rulers at the Castle had been made aware of the intended movement of the titled leader of the rebels; and therefore the task of duty and the post of danger were confided to the immortal and pious Major Sirr, the deeply-to-be-deplored Captain Ryan, and a select body of adherents. Our loyal defenders of the Church, State, King, and Constitution, encountered the rebel detachment, at Watling Street; and then for the purpose of baffling pur-

suit, and disarranging the plan of the loyalists, the well known and detestable person (whose damnable and blood-thirsty participation in the Keogh-Kendrick-and-Mallet-tragedy was referred to in a former number), that most abominable unconvicted traitor, W——m P——m M'C——e (as it is supposed) fired a pistol at the immortal Major, Henry Charles Sirr, the effects of which diabolical attempt were avoided by the courageous Major throwing himself on his loyal back, when he saw the rebel pistol pointed at him.

“Our readers are aware that in consequence of the confusion (at this inhuman attempt to deprive of life one of His Most Gracious Majesty's most loyal subjects) Lord Edward Fitzgerald was able to affect his escape to his place of concealment.

“The only result of the night's proceedings was the arrest of the detestable United Irish Conspirator, W—— P—— M——, who coward-

like, instead of avowing the deed, pretended to be the son of a Glasgow cotton-spinner, and with such infernal art did he carry on his disguise, and uphold his pretended character, as to deceive the immortal Major himself, and to cajole the Dumbartonshire Militia then on guard at Newgate into the false idea he was the person he pretended to be ; and under that erroneous impression to send a Petition to the Castle ; so that the vile incendiary was permitted to go at large to the great detriment of His Majesty's peaceable and loyal subjects.

“The triumph of treason has, however, been short-lived ; for lynx-eyed loyalty was on the watch. Just at the moment that Lord E. Fitzgerald entered the house in Thomas Street (where he was afterwards arrested), the virtuous and pure minded Captain Williams, with his intimate and highly-respectable friend, Edward Reddy, Esq., of Turview, chanced to be passing by—and the

sudden closing of the door the instant the fugitive entered the house attracted their attention to it ; and hearing afterwards of the escape of the rebel-leader, the same night they gave such information to the Privy Council, as induced that highly distinguished individual, the immortal Major, to place a watch upon the house—and—amongst others, Edward Reddy, Esq.—such is the strength of loyalty !—taking upon himself the useful office of ‘an intelligencer ’ (vulgarly called ‘a spy’)—and the happy result was the arrest of Lord Edward, and the precedent bloody murder of the ever-deserving-of-laudation-for-his-bravery, Captain Ryan.

“ His Excellency—our great and transcendently beneficent Lord-Lieutenant has, we understand, expressed, in the highest terms, his exalted admiration for the marvellous talent, adroitness and astuteness displayed in this transaction by Captain Williams and his most intimate and highly respectable friend, Edward Reddy,

Esq. ; and has, furthermore, as proofs of his approbation, nominated Captain Williams as one of the Aide-de-Camps Extraordinary of his Household ; and, at the same time ordered three guineas a day, with hotel-expenses, to be paid to Edward Reddy, Esq., whilst acting as ‘ an intelligencer,’ in the numerous staff now in the constant employment of the immortal Major, Henry Charles Sirr.

“ We cannot conclude this most gratifying narrative of the invaluable services rendered to His Gracious Sovereign and a grateful country by the pure, noble-minded, generous, and devoted Captain James K. Williams, X.A.D.C., without alluding to certain base and atrocious attempts to slander him. Vile enemies of his have had recourse to the concoction of a scandalous falsehood. They—the rebelley wretches !—have, it appears, trumped up an absurd and incredible story against Captain James K. Williams, X.A.D.C., connecting him

with the sudden demise of one Catherine Kinchela, a woman of low birth, who, when the proper time arrives shall be distinctly proved to have died of apoplectic drunkenness, the consequence of her own depraved habits and vicious life.

“ All we shall say for the present, with respect to this vile and slanderous fabrication, is for its concocters to beware—for the sharp-edged sword of justice hangs suspended over their disloyal necks, and a word from Captain James K. Williams, X.A.D.C., can break the thread? Sufficient is it for us to say—let the scandalous and wicked conspirators mark our words—let them note what we say at present—and only for the present—they are known—well known—they are first, the detestable rebellious old relation of the valiant X.A.D.C., ; and next—a busy, intermeddling old quack, living not a hundred miles from Turview, and who will, at once, be recognised by his initials H—— D——.

“We say to these two conspirators against virtue, disinterestedness, loyalty, and truth—beware ! The hangman is waiting for you both ! The rope is noosed for you both ! A week more, and your foul carcasses both—foul as your accusation against our valiant friend—shall be swinging in the wind ; whilst he—the accused and the innocent—basks in the sunshine of royalty, and is surrounded by the approving gleams that brighten up the illuminated countenance of the best and wisest Lord-Lieutenant that this unhappy country was ever blessed with.”

ENCLOSURE, No. IV.

“We regret to be under the necessity of stating to our highly respectable, loyal, and innumerable readers, that in our burning ardour to vindicate the spotless reputation of the gallant Captain James K. Williams, X.A.D.C., we trans-

gressed the bounds of prudence, and trespassed beyond the limits of strict veracity ; whilst we have, as we are informed, by our gifted and eloquent friend the Right Honourable His Most Gracious Majesty's most humane Attorney-General, indulged in remarks which (to use his own recondite and learned language) were calculated *pendente lite* to interfere with the due course of law, and the even tenour of justice.

“ We understand from one of the very highest authorities at the Castle—that shrine of honour, and palladium of loyalty—that the gentleman we described in our last as ‘ a busy, intermeddling quack living not a hundred miles from Turview, and who would be at once recognised by his initials H——, D—— ’ is not a quack, but a gentleman connected by marriage with the admirable Secretary to the most admirable Under-Secretary of the most pre-eminently admirable Chief-Secretary ; and therefore instead of being

a quack, he must be, on the contrary, a physician of the highest abilities, the most transcendent talents, and the most unimpeachable, sublimated virtue. We were led into the error we committed by supposing this gentleman was the friend of the notorious disloyalist J——. K——; but when we are informed that he is in any way connected with one who is connected with the Castle, then we feel confident that if he makes a mistake he does so with the purest motives and the most loyal intentions; and therefore so far as he—a relative to a Castle official—is concerned, we withdraw the improper, the hasty, and incorrect description given by us, in our last number of the truly worthy, deeply learned, justly respected, highly virtuous, most good, most honest, most excellent, and most accomplished physician, H. Devitt, Esq., M.D., of Turview.

“Whilst correcting this mistake we take the

opportunity of apprising our readers that information has been received in the Castle that the notorious Wm. ——— M'C——e has been again recognised on the scene of his former villanies at Turview, and that he has been traced in various disguises, and various names in different parts of the county Wexford. Doubtless he has been laying his plans for rebellion with the infamous, detestable, and disloyal incendiary J—— K——, living near Turview."

ENCLOSURE, No. V.

"The standard of rebellion has been openly raised in various parts of Ireland; notwithstanding many of the villanous leaders have expiated their crimes on the scaffold, or await as prisoners the sentence of death inevitably to be pronounced against them.

"The loyalists did their utmost to prevent

such a calamity as rebellion. Those lovers of their country—those true patriots—Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Newell, Mr. James O'Brien, have won, for themselves the admiration of mankind, and the everlasting praises of posterity by disclosing to the State those secrets, which the false name of friendship, or of boundless confidence in their adhesion to a perjurious oath, had been made known to them; whilst such noble youths as the good Captain James K. Williams, X.A.D.C. have shewn that they preferred the claims of their Great Mother The Country—and of their Grandmother—the King—to any squeamish feelings that might arise respecting the bonds of kindred and the ties of relationship by informing against uncles, brothers, brothers-in-law, cousins, and and cousins-german.

“ All these sacrifices have been made in vain and now the law having failed to keep a rebellious population in grateful and religious servitude

to their sovereign, a vigour beyond the law is, at the command of our tender-hearted Lord-Lieutenant, to be resorted to. Orders have been given, we understand, to kill and slay (and where such cannot conveniently be done) to capture all persons in arms, or who are suspected of being able to have, or to take up arms. The troops are to be permitted to live at free-quarters in the disaffected counties—to hold drum-head court-martial—in short, to do as they like, or as they please, by adopting measures calculated to suppress rebellion in the extermination of the rebels.

“ Orders too have been given to arrest traitors of wealth and consequence, who are, as yet, at large through Ireland ; and amongst the rest, we are happy to state that justice is about to overtake the rebellious, and detestable uncle of the valiant and loyal Captain James K. Williams, X.A.D.C. Thus, the person (in the ineffectual attempt to arrest whom the immortal Keogh,

Kendrick, and Mallet were slain) will be soon lodged in one of His Majesty's strongest jails and we trust tried, and of course condemned to death, by a Court Martial. Orders for the arrest of the notorious, infamous, detestable, and blood-thirsty rebel John Kirwan of Abbeylawn, county Wexford, were, we understand, given yesterday ; and the warrant for his arrest confided to a detachment, specially selected for that most desirable object.

“ Dear me ! dear me ! ” said Mr. Kirwan, as John concluded reading the last of the enclosures. “ And so ! this is worldly fame ! and thus it metes out its praises and its censures ! Thus is the murderer and miscreant, James lauded ; and thus am I vilified ! It is like a dream to me, John, that I heard you reading some of Beaumont and Fletcher's poetry a short time ago. How applicable to the present period are those lines in ‘ *the Tragedy of Valentinian* ! ’

‘ He that would live now,
Must, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with those to greatness.’ ”

“ My good sir,” said Agnes, starting up and ringing the bell, “ there will be time enough hereafter for moralising, and quoting poetry. This is the moment for action. When villiany is on the alert, virtue must not remain torpid. Here, Lucy, Kinchela,” said Agnes, as these two hurried into the room together. “ Bestir yourselves ! Kinchela, order the travelling carriage, and four horses to the door instantly ; then pack the travelling trunks of your master and his nephew. Lucy, do you do the same with mine. Then, look to your own affairs. We are going to England, and shall take you two along with us. Hurry ! hurry ! be off ! for I hope that in less than an hour we shall, through your exertions, be on the road. Put up only what is indispensably necessary. Let the luggage we take with us,

be as small as possible. There now ! Away both of you ! you both know your business right well. Perform it—and quickly as possible.”

Lucy and Kinchela ran together from the room.

“ My dear guardian ! ” said Agnes, taking one of the old man’s hands in both of hers. “ The terrible news conveyed by the extracts from that horrid newspaper are sufficient to show that we all stand at this moment upon the brink of a precipice—and at its base probably lie ruin and death. This then is not a moment for the display of any false delicacy. This is, beyond all others, the time at which I should make known to you the most important of all resolutions that a woman can, in her whole life, have to adopt—a resolution which affects her happiness here certainly, and most probably, her eternal happiness hereafter. I have made up my mind to contract marriage.”

“ Marriage ! ” exclaimed Mr. Kirwan with

astonishment. "Marriage! Agnes! you are dreaming! Who can you possibly think of marrying?"

"The brave youth," said Agnes, her eyes flushing and her cheeks reddening with pride as she spoke. "The brave youth, who at the risk of his own life preserved me from a fate worse than death. The noble youth, with whom four weeks of constant association have ripened my regard and admiration of him into the purest affection—an affection which will not be content, unless as his wife I devote the whole of my future existence to promote his happiness, and to deserve his love. Yes — John!—my hero!—my protector—my future husband!" said Agnes, as she flung one arm fondly around his neck, "I speak no words of a turgid rhyming dramatist, when I say with all sincerity and truthfulness—

'One hand shall seal the match. I'm yours for ever.' "

“ My beloved ! my Agnes ! my wife ! ” cried the enraptured John, as one of his arms encircled her waist, “ my future life shall thank you, by its untiring devotion.”

“ God bless you ! God bless you ! my dearest children ! ” cried Mr. Kirwan, as he stood with tears in his eyes, looking upon the loving pair before him. “ Let the vile world do now its worst against me ! I see my Agnes choosing for herself a husband that is worthy of her. This is a happiness of which no baseness, no villany, no scheming scoundrelism can deprive me. Yes—my dearest children !—as I look upon you thus united together, I defy the devil and all his works, the world and all its wickedness.”

CHAPTER II.

THE ARREST.

THE sensitive and simple-minded John Kirwan had given expression to a vain boast ; for even whilst he was in the act of uttering it, a loud wailing cry of terror was heard in the park, and at the same instant Lucy and Kinchela rushed into the room ; Kinchela having a musket in one hand, and a portmanteau in the other.

“ Oh ! master ! master, jewel ! ” roared out Kinchela, “ We are all lost, burnt, consumed, massacred, and robbed ; for here is the army coming up the avenue ; and what is far worse than the army, there is with them one of the

thieving, slaughtering, cut-throat yeomen. I know the murderer by his gaiters."

Mr. Kirwan hurried over to the window at which Agnes and John were seated; and he beheld his travelling-carriage and horses emerge from the stables, and at the same instant a troop of twenty dragoons drew up in front of his door.

In a few minutes afterwards, an officer entered the room, who upon seeing Mr. Kirwan, Agnes and John together, took off his hat, and said: "I presume, I am addressing Mr. John Kirwan, the owner of this mansion?"

"Yes," replied the old gentleman. "I am the owner of this house. My name is John Kirwan."

"Then," continued the officer, "I grieve very much to say that my duty, as holding a commission in His Majesty's service, compels me in obedience to the orders of my superiors, and in compliance with a warrant signed by the Secretary

of State, to place you under arrest. The charges against you are ‘being concerned in treasonable practices—procuring offensive weapons for the use of the rebels, and having pikes concealed on various parts of your property.’ The duty is one very painful to my feelings to have to execute ; but, I believe, its performance was confided to me, because my superiors are aware that whatever be the task entrusted to me, it will be strictly executed ; but still with the courtesy and humanity that should be characteristic of a gentleman.”

“It is fortunate, sir,” said Mr. Kirwan bowing, “that I have fallen into the power of one whose bearing takes away from his harsh office every unnecessary suffering. Will you honour me, with your name ?”

“William Abercrombie—a captain of dragoons,” replied the officer.

“To what prison am I to be conveyed ?” asked Mr. Kirwan.

“In the first instance, to Wexford—and from thence to Dublin, where, as I was informed, your trial is to take place. I perceive Mr. Kirwan your carriage is at the door. If it be your desire you can travel to Wexford in it. Should it be agreeable to this lady and gentleman they can accompany you. Always looking to your safe custody, Mr. Kirwan, whilst under my charge, I am most anxious to afford you every accommodation and indulgence in my power to grant.”

“Again, Captain Abercrombie, I thank you for your kindness. This young lady is my ward, Miss Agnes Arnold, and this young gentleman, my nephew, Mr. John Kirwan Williams. It will be a great accommodation to us all to permit us—to proceed in the same carriage together; for we were all upon the point of starting for Wexford, with the intention of sailing from that town to-morrow for Milford-Haven or Bristol.”

“ I rejoice to hear you say so, Mr. Kirwan. I hope you are in a position to prove that you were leaving this place for Wexford, when arrested by me, and that you intended sailing for Bristol to-morrow.”

“ You may observe, Captain, the travelling trunks are attached to the carriage ; and I have in my possession a letter from a friend, stating he had secured berths for us three, and two servants in the ‘ William of Nassau,’ which sails from Wexford to-morrow.”

“ The facts you mention, Mr. Kirwan, I regard as of very great importance, because shewing your determination to take no part in that terrific struggle now impending between an angry government and an infuriated population. Be assured, they shall not be forgotten at the proper time and place when it may be most for your advantage to have them stated.”

“ Captain Abercrombie, your conduct is that

of a friend, and not what I might expect from a hostile captor. You must be a good man to take such an interest in the affairs of a stranger. It is but the expression of a vain wish for me to say, that it would make me most happy to have the opportunity of proving -- I am not ungrateful."

"I belong," said the officer, "to a family whose maxim has been: 'Justice and Truth are ever to be maintained, and ever defended, in all places, and under the most adverse circumstances.' Now, Mr. Kirwan, though not personally acquainted with you, I have taken, and do take a great interest in your affairs. Frequent references have been made in Dublin to your case—the nature of the accusations against you, as well as the extraordinary fact that your principal accuser is your own nephew. Some of the newspapers have done all they could to blacken your character; but, in one instance, they overshot the mark,

for they connected your name with that of a gentleman (whose loyalty is well known in the Castle) and of whom those journals made a co-criminal with yourself. The attention of Earl Camden has thus been brought to the accusations preferred against you ; and without venturing to affirm what is the conclusion His Excellency has arrived at, my impression is that his lordship feels he has been duped to no inconsiderable extent, and his personal honour in no slight degree compromised by making your accuser and your nephew, one of his aide-de-camps—a person too, who is impeached as a criminal ! The courts of justice are now closed ; for rebellion stalks through the land, and the bayonet of the soldier has superseded the staff of the constable. It is therefore impossible, at such a moment, to investigate in a legal way the impeachment that overhangs your accuser ; but whether that charge prove to be true, or without

foundation, I know—for His Excellency has expressed the desire—that you should have, if it be at all possible in this unfortunate country—a fair, full, and strictly impartial trial. As I am a plain, simple Scotchman—as I am totally free from all partizan feelings one way or another, His Excellency has entrusted your arrest to me, and by his special directions I am to collect every fact that may bear upon the accusation—whether that fact be favourable or adverse to you. You have told me one circumstance that is in your favour. I have now another portion of the same task to perform, it is to proceed in company with a person named Edward Reddy—who has made a deposition to the effect that he has seen you give money to purchase arms, and that he has also been present when individuals in your employment, and by your direction concealed pikes in your garden and other parts of your grounds. These places he has undertaken to point out to me.”

“Edward Reddy!” exclaimed Mr. Kirwan, “I believe I know by name every tenant and labouring man on my estates, and I pledge you my honour, Captain Abercrombie, I can recollect no such name. Where is he?”

“There!” said Captain Abercrombie, as he looked out of the window at which John and Agnes still remained sitting. “There, do you see that ugly, red-haired man in the uniform of an infantry yeoman. I made him put on that red-coat in order that his appearance as a peasant in the company of soldiers might not attract observation as we passed through the country.”

“Oh!” Miss Agnes! Miss Agnes!” said Lucy, as she looked through another window— “There is amongst the dragoons the wicked red-haired man that came looking in at the back of the post-chaise the day you came here. It is the same person who used to deliver the cruel any-

mous letters that caused you such affliction in York."

"What man do you mean my pretty lassie?" said Captain Abercrombie, as he walked over and stood by the side of Lucy.

"Oh! that terribly ugly man, sir—who has no boots on him like the other soldiers," replied Lucy, "That is the man sent all the terrible letters to my young lady, when we were living in York."

"Thank you, my dear!" observed the Captain, as he walked away. "When Mr. Kirwan is put on his trial, you will have to state on your oath what you have just now mentioned to me."

"And that I will, Captain," replied Lucy, "for it is the truth, and nothing but the truth."

At this moment, one of the dragoons entered the rooms, and touching his helmet, waited for his officer to address him.

“What news, Leslie?” asked the Captain.

“Very bad news, Captain. Mr. Reddy, the gentleman who calls himself ‘the Red Spy,’ bids me say he has received positive information that twenty thousand armed rebels, headed by Father Murphy, are advancing to attack us, and take Mr. Kirwan from you; and Mr. Reddy bids me say, that it is an established custom with the valiant officers of the yeomanry corps, whenever they are apprehensive of a rescue, to shoot their prisoners, and he thinks you ought to do the same with Mr. Kirwan.”

Agnes and Lucy shrieked with horror as they heard this cold-blooded proposition made in an unmoved and pitiless tone by the unfeeling soldier.

“Leslie?” said Captain Abercrombie in the same calm tone with which the soldier had addressed him. “Do you and Corporal Mackay ride with all speed down the avenue, and ascer-

tain if there be any truth in Mr. Reddy's report. Tell the men to mount, to look to their flints, and be prepared to act on any orders I may give them. As to Mr. Reddy, present him my compliments, and say, that the next time he presumes to tell me, or to send me word how I should treat a prisoner, he shall on the instant be tied up to a tree, and not released from it until his back is made as red as his hair."

"Yes, your honour," said Leslie, his muscles remaining as unmoved at the message he had to convey to Reddy, as they were when giving utterance to the murderous proposition of the Red Spy.

Lucy watched from the window, and she observed that as Leslie and his companion—Corporal Mackay—rode off down the avenue, the Red Spy walked apart from the other soldiers, and then slunk away towards the back of the house, when she lost sight of him.

“This report,” said Captain Abercrombie, “whether true or false will, I fear, detain us much longer in your house, Mr. Kirwan, than will be agreeable to any of the family. The country is in a frightful state; and there is a chance—almost a probability that, what has been just stated is not without foundation. It is, alas! certain that some wicked persons, professing to act in the King’s name, have treated their prisoners in the cruel manner suggested by that fellow, Reddy—that is put them to death, because they apprehended a rescue.”

“I am conscious, Captain Abercrombie,” replied Mr. Kirwan, “that I am most fortunate in being the prisoner of a captor, alike generous and humane. My belief is, that when the man, Reddy, was ordered to attach himself to the troops by whom I was to be arrested, his expectation was that its commander would not have been an Abercrombie, but a Hepenstal, a Beres-

ford, a Cole, a Jocelyn, a Swann, or a Walpole, —men, whose barbarous deeds of unnecessary cruelty have already rendered their names infamous.”

CHAPTER III.

THE RESCUE.

As Captain Abercrombie was still listening to Mr. Kirwan, a tremendous shout, as from an immense multitude, was heard! The Captain had not time to run across the room and put up the window-sash, when a discharge of musketry took place, by which five of the dragoons in front of the house were dismounted! Their companions, enraged at this loss, dashed forward without waiting for any orders, to encounter the clamorous crowds that were seen rushing up the avenue—most of them brandishing long pikes in their hands; and several with no other weapons than scythes, reaping-hooks, and pitchforks.

Appalled at these proceedings, Captain Abercrombie stood upon the balcony and shouted to the troopers to retreat back to the house, until he should descend and place himself at their head. He threatened them with punishment for disobedience to his commands. His exhortations and his threats were uttered in vain. His voice could not be heard amid the deafening roar of defiance that arose from an infuriated population, as they beheld the troopers charging at full speed in amongst them.

“ Good Heavens ! ” exclaimed Captain Abercrombie, “ my unfortunate men are rushing on to inevitable death. If they are once caught in the midst of that armed mob of insurgents, there is not one trooper can escape with life.”

The military experience of the Captain foresaw the fatal and inevitable result of this mad charge made by the dragoons. At one moment the troopers were seen rushing at the armed

multitude—the next moment the people scattered on all sides, as if to give them a free passage—the next moment a well-sustained, well-aimed discharge of rifles took place, as if the military were on a sudden encompassed in a circle of fire—and the next moment when some of the soldiers were seen tumbling from their steeds, the crowd beneath, as if moved with one impulse, closed in upon them, and then—all the red-coats, which up to that time had been overtopping the dark-coated insurgents disappeared amid their enraged assailants—and a bellowing roar, as if from some wild ravening animals mingled with shrill piercing shrieks of agony, announced that the work of death and destruction that was going on—had been completed! And then—the triumphant rebels, with empty blood-stained helmets borne aloft at the end of some dozen pikes, rushed onward in one black, heaving, tumultuous, raging mass to the front of the house, sending

forth in loud and jubilant shouts, such cries as these :—" Ireland for ever ! The green flag and liberty ! Down with the Orangemen ! Death ! to the women-torturers, the chapel-burners, and the child-slayers. Death to them ! and death to all who aid, assist, or shelter them ! "

" Gracious providence ! " exclaimed Captain Abercrombie. " All my soldiers barbarously murdered ! Farewell, Mr. Kirwan ! I will descend amid these furious fiends. They have slaughtered my men, and I do not wish to outlive them. The dishonour that has overtaken me can only be effaced in my own blood.

As Captain Abercromie thus spoke, he stepped from the balcony into the room ; and as he did so, a shower of bullets covered the place where he had been standing but a moment before, and dashed into the midst of the apartment shattered fragments of the broken window.

" Kinchela," shouted Mr. Kirwan, who

seemed in the midst of this tumult to assume a new character—that of a courageous man of prompt decision—“At once run down stairs. Bolt the hall-door, and bar all the windows. Tell the servants to arm themselves, and to slay any man who attempts to enter or leave this house without my permission.”

As Mr. Kirwan was thus speaking to his servant, there was an awful, roaring bellow as from famishing wild beasts given forth by the maddened multitude outside, in the midst of which these fearful words were distinctly audible:—

“Pike the English officer! The English officer! Mr. Kirwan if you wish to save yourself from destruction drive the English officer out of your house, until we pike him! Death to him and all of his sort!”

“Oh! goodness gracious! Captain Abercrombie!” cried Lucy as she still sat terror-

stricken at the window an attentive observer of all the proceedings outside. "There is that frightful man—you call, Mr. Reddy!—there he is again! but in a different dress! He has thrown off his soldier's cap and red coat, and has now a large grey frieze frock on him—but I can see the soldier's gaiters still on his legs. Oh! do you see him there, sir, with a pike and a blood-stained trooper's jacket hanging like a banner at the end of it. I have remarked him, sir. He was the first to call the attention of those around him to you, when you were standing on the balcony, and he it is who is now amongst the most violent of the mob yelling to have you driven out of the house."

"I see him—the scoundrel!" said the Captain with a bitter smile. "Because I would not shoot your master to please him, he is now resolved upon having me piked to death. He revels in blood."

“And her master would deserve to be shot, Captain Abercrombie, if he did not now preserve your life, even at the sacrifice of his own,” remarked Mr. Kirwan.

“No—no—no. That cannot be,” replied Abercrombie, “you would only make a victim of yourself, and yet could not save me. Let the commander die with his men.”

“Though it was but to preserve your life two minutes longer, I will die in defending you,” said Mr. Kirwan.

Abercrombie grasped the old man’s hand and said with deep emotion, “I thank you, brave and generous man; but I cannot permit it. Your efforts would be vain. The multitude has tasted of blood, and never can be satiated until every living victim is sacrificed. Let me go—Let me go—let me not bring destruction on you, because I cannot myself escape from it.”

“Whilst I live! Whilst my words in this

house are listened to as commands, you shall not quit the shelter of my roof nor shall a hair of your head be injured," replied Mr. Kirwan.

This generous contest between two good and brave-hearted men was interrupted by a violent shock which made the house shake. The furious mob had concentrated all their force, and sought to break open the hall-door; but it resisted their efforts, and being lined with iron blunted the point of every pike that had penetrated its outermost boarding. At the same moment the appearance of servants at the windows, and each armed with a blunderbuss induced the assailants to pause. Lucy observed the men who acted as leaders (and amongst them was Reddy) to consult together, and then one of them came forward amid loud cries from the multitude, for Mr. Kirwan to appear on the balcony.

"Agnes! John!" said Mr. Kirwan as he proceeded towards the window. "Perchance,

my refusal to surrender this gallant officer may be followed by my instantaneous death on the balcony. Listen then to what I am saying, as if they were the last words you heard me speak in this world. Never give him up. Let this house and all that is in it go to destruction rather than yield up to his armed foes the man who has enabled me to live to this moment. As you love me, my dear children, exert all your ingenuity to save him. See if you can devise any plan to secure his escape, whilst I am speaking to these unhappy people who have been driven mad by cruelty. Think for me. I am so grieved, I am not able to think for myself."

Lucy remarked, as she looked from the window (and her observations were spoken aloud to those in the room) that the man, Reddy, had retired from the front rank of the insurgents, and vanished in the midst of the crowd.

The appearance of Mr. Kirwan on the bal-

cony—his mild countenance—his white hair—and above all his well-known character for boundless charity and unceasing tenderness to the poor—produced an instantaneous change in the thousands of armed men that were closely packed together in front of the house.

The mad cries ceased!—the furious shouts were over—the death-denunciations at an end!

The hurricane of inhuman fury was stilled for a moment; and was succeeded by a silence so profound that the rapid breathing of excited men could be distinctly heard.

“My friends and fellow-countrymen!” said Mr. Kirwan, taking advantage of this silence, and beginning the first speech he ever made in public —“If any of my tenantry be here, though I should be sorry to recognise them in this assemblage, still if they are here, I appeal to them as protectors and defenders on this occasion. I am, I believe, well known to you all, as a landlord, a

magistrate, and a neighbour. In all these different capacities I now address myself to you. I ask the thousands who are now listening to me, if as a landlord I have not always acted fairly and justly to my tenants—treating them as I would wish, if I was a tenant, to be myself treated—when successful, encouraged; when unfortunate, assisted—and in all cases able to appeal to my landlord, as the man beyond all others in this world whose interests were identified with my own. You all know me too as a magistrate, and when filling that position, I fearlessly ask what poor and honest man has not ever found me his advocate, his shield, and his supporter? You all know me—if not by personal experience, at least by reputation—how I, as a rich man, have conducted myself towards my poorer neighbours. I do not speak of alms-giving, because I believe the very worst of Irishmen never refuse to bestow some dole upon the starving creatures met with

in the highway ; but this I ask in the presence of you—thousands—what case of distress was ever made known to me that I did not inquire into, and to the utmost of my power relieve ? And then, though I am not of the same religion as most of you, I ask you, if I have not on all my estates made your clergymen my almoners ; and whenever they required it, built for them, or aided them in building, places of worship for you ? Am I vainly boasting of myself, my friends, as a landlord, a magistrate, or a neighbour ?”

The multitude, as with one voice, shouted out “ True ! true ! Long life to you, Mr. Kirwan ! Three cheers for old Jack Kirwan ! ”

“ I thank you, my friends,” said Mr. Kirwan as he anxiously looked back into the room to see what Captain Abercrombie was doing.

“ Go on, guardian, go on talking as long as you can—as long as you can think of another sentence to speak,” said Agnes. “ We have thought of a

plan. The Captain will leave the room in a moment; but do you speak whilst you are able—as long as they will listen to you. The main point is to engage the attention of the multitude in front.”

Mr. Kirwan felt himself inspired with a fluency of words which he never before fancied himself to possess.

“My good friends and honest neighbours,” continued Mr. Kirwan, “The course of life I have hitherto led, and which you declare I have truly described was influenced by no other motive than the desire to perform to the best of my ability the duties of that station in life, in which it had pleased God to place me. I never supposed it would have entailed upon me the frightful consequences of malice, hatred, and ill-will. My popularity amongst you has been made a ground of accusation against me; and this very day, because I was loved, honoured, and respected

by you—my poor and shamefully oppressed fellow-countrymen—I was charged with high treason, and was on the point of being conducted a prisoner to Wexford jail, when you appeared here and slew my captors.”

Loud cheers burst again from the multitude, mingled with hoarse cries. “The officer! the English officer who commanded them! Give him up, Mr. Kirwan—give him up to be piked, or we will burn down the house.”

“Listen to me, with patience, my dear friends!” said Mr. Kirwan, and he felt his limbs totter beneath him, as these dreadful cries reached his ears. “Listen to me in patience and silence for a few minutes. At the time that I was arrested, intelligence reached the officer that you my friends, were marching to this house with the intention of rescuing me; and then the Castle-spy, who came with the officer, wanted him to shoot me, before you could come in time to

save me ; and the officer—the same brave man that you call ‘an English officer,’ but who is in reality a Scotchman, Captain Abercrombie, refused to put me to death. The officer saved my life. The Castle-spy wanted to murder me.”

“Oh ! the villain ! the murdering villain !” roared out hundreds of voices. “Give us up the Spy, and we will let off the officer.”

“The Castle-spy,” said Mr. Kirwan, “is in the midst of you. He threw off his red-jacket and put on a countryman’s frieze coat, and was seen from this window brandishing a pike with a blood-stained trooper’s coat upon it, and inciting you to cry out for the officer to be delivered up to you, in order that you might pike him. And why did the Spy do this ? Because, for you to do such a deed would cover you with infamy. No man can blame you for killing the troopers when they made an attack upon you, and tried to put you to death. But how different is the case,

if you seized upon a single individual—one man alone!—and coward-like and basely, and in cold-blood!—a multitude set upon and massacred that one man.”

The eloquent harangue of Mr. Kirwan was suddenly cut short. At the same instant the sound of a pistol-shot was heard, and as the ball grazed Mr. Kirwan’s cheek, his face became covered with blood.

“That shot,” said Mr. Kirwan, “came from the Castle-spy. Now that he is sure you will not act as he wants you to do, he is for slaying me. This is the second time to-day he has attempted to deprive me of life.”

“Go in! go in, Mr. Kirwan!” shouted the multitude. “We spare the officer’s life.”

“Make Mr. Kirwan our general,” shouted some unknown person in the midst of the crowd.

That person was Ned Reddy.

“Huzza! huzza!” exclaimed the excited and

and changeable multitude. "On boys! On for Wexford with General Kirwan at our head. Come, General, out at once to your carriage. Hurrah! old Ireland, and General Kirwan for ever, and—death to all the Orangemen in Wexford."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ESCAPE.

THE mode of attempting to save the life of Captain Abercrombie from an infuriated multitude originated with young John Kirwan, and had been no sooner proposed than it was carried into execution. The Captain's red-coat was exchanged for a black one of John's, and the latter's large, dark, winter-cloak was thrown over the officer's person so as to conceal his military boots and accoutrements. In this guise the Captain was conducted by Kinchela through the garden to a back gate in the park. There the same faithful servant soon led two of the fleetest horses in

Mr. Kirwan's stables. Pointing to one of these Kinchela said :—

“ Mount ! Captain, jewel ! and ride as if you were running a race, and determined to win the prize. I shall be your guide as far as Wexford, and, with God's blessing ! will have you there in a few hours, safe and sound. I know, I put my life in a double danger, by going with you—first, because the Orangemen are sure to hang or shoot me, if they catch me, because I don't and won't belong to them ; and, secondly, the rebels—poor creatures !—are certain to pike me, because I helped one that wears a red coat to escape. Between the two I begin to think I have very little chance of ever seeing my darling, smiling Lucy Watford again. But—no matter !—I am doing my duty ; and what is more, if I had twenty lives to throw away, I would willingly risk every one of them for a gentleman who saved the master's life, when that thieving spy—I wish

I may once lay my hands on him—wanted to have the good old gentleman shot, with as little ceremony as you would blow the brains out of a mangy dog.”

“I am obliged to you, my honest fellow!” replied Captain Abercrombie, as he rode rapidly after his guide, “but I shall defer any further expression of my thanks until we reach a place of safety. Ride on! ride on! quickly as you can; for I hear the loud shouts of the multitude renewed; and it is probable they will soon break into the house, and, discovering I have escaped from thence, set off in pursuit of us.”

Kinchela gave a loud snap with his fingers and thumb, as he exclaimed—“I don’t care that for the whole boiling of them! No fear of one of them ever overtaking us. There is not such another pair of horses in the barony, as the two we are now riding; and, if all your enemies were behind you, Captain, and you mounted on

that fly-away-jumper there, by jinkins ! you would be as safe on your road to Wexford to-day, as if you were riding in the Phoenix Park, hard by Dublin. Ah ! the foes that I am afraid of are not those behind us, but those that may be before us : them, that we may meet on our journey towards Wexford ; for the fact is, the poor creatures !—the rebels—have no other place now to take to, but the high-road ; because the Orange yeomanry, and the Welsh militia, and those monsters of inhumanity, the North Corks are burning the roofs over their heads, and murdering every one they find at home in his cabin. Ah ! Captain ! Captain ! who is to hold the hand of a man that has found his father hanging at his own door ! or that has, on returning to his poor, wretched hovel, discovered that in his absence his wife—his own wife, Captain—and his darling children—the poor man's only happiness—have been slaughtered ! and that he has found—the

thing has really happened—it is God's truth I am telling you—the pigs drinking their blood ! Oh ! Captain ! Captain ! Such things drive men mad ; and if, in their madness, the creatures commit crimes like to these same cruel deeds that have made them lose their senses—pity them ! yes—pity the poor creatures ! for, if they live long enough to recover their senses they will hate themselves for the bad, horrid acts they now do—and indeed ! indeed ! a worse crime, or a crueller deed they could not commit, than if they were now to kill you, Captain, who saved the darling master's life.”

Kinchela's observations were suddenly interrupted.

“ Halt ! where are you going ? Whence came you ? Give us the pass-word ? ” were words of command shouted out from the side of the road, along which Captain Abercrombie and Kinchela were riding at full speed.

“Oh ! murder !” cried Kinchela in an undertone to his companion. “Here is a mounted party of those poor creatures, the rebels. Hold your tongue for your life, Captain ; for you can’t speak English the way I do. Let me be the spokesman for the two of us.

“Who bids two decent, honest boys halt, when it is hurrying all the way to Wexford we are for for a doctor and an attorney, the one to cure Mr. John Kirwan of Abbeylawn, if it is possible ; and the other to draw up his will, if he is not to recover,” said Kinchela, as he looked boldly at twenty countrymen, all well mounted, and each man having a yellow leather belt around his waist, from which was dependent a large pouch or cartouch-box, and in his right hand a long rifle.

“Halt there ! my fine fellow !” said one of these men, “until our Captain comes up. That seems to me to be a very fine cock-and-a-bull

story you are after telling me. This is no time for sending for doctors and attorneys and making wills. No man has any business dying now at all, barring it be fighting in a fair field, with an enemy to the fore, facing him. A doctor and an attorney indeed! Surely one messenger would be enough to fetch two men—one after the other.”

“Not if the two men were required in a great hurry, and they lived three miles apart from one another,” boldly replied Kinchela.

“I thought you said,” remarked the man, “that they both lived in Wexford.”

“No—I didn’t, but I said,” replied Kinchela, “that we were on our way to Wexford. The doctor lives three miles one side of Wexford, and the attorney lives three miles beyond it.”

“You have a ready tongue,” said the man.

“I need it,” answered Kinchela, “when I am talking to the likes of you.”

“ Well, smart-tongued as you are—give us the pass-word, or you don’t stir a step farther.”

“ The pass-word ! Ah ! then it is you that is the queer man entirely. How could I give you the pass-word, when I havn’t got it yet myself ? I never was *out*.”

“ Then you have no business out to-day. So stay where you are if you don’t want a snipe-shot in the small of your back.”

“ Well ! ” said Kinchela, “ if you are determined to be contrary, I cannot help it. Twenty men with guns in their hands are more than a match for two men with nothing in their hands but their bare fists. What is your Captain’s name ? ”

“ Ask him yourself,” said the man, “ for here he comes.”

Kinchela looked up and his heart was filled with hope, for he recognised the young man riding towards them—accoutred like the others.

(who now occupied the road in front), but having a green scarf, that was placed cross-wise on his breast, being drawn over the right shoulder and descending to the waist where it formed a knot on the left side over the hilt of a short sword."

"Captain, jewel!" whispered Kinchela to his companion. "There is a chance for our lives. These men are the Shilmaliers—the finest shots with a rifle in all Ireland, and the young man riding towards us, that they call 'Captain' is one Tom Furlong, as fine a young fellow as ever took part in a hurling-match. I hope to live to be able to tell you his melancholy story. But here he is! Holloa! Captain Furlong! My name is Pat Kinchela—one of John Kirwan's servants. Would you allow me to say a word in private with you?"

"Twenty, if you like Kinchela," answered Furlong, as he reined in his horse. "Come hither. Well?" continued Furlong, as Kinchela

drew up by his side. "What have you to say to me? Can I do anything to serve you, or the best man in the county, your master?"

Kinchela told in his own peculiar way, the object he had in view, as well as the events of the few previous hours which induced him now to try, at the risk of his own life, to save Captain Abercrombie.

Furlong listened attentively to Kinchela's narrative; and at its close, shaking him warmly by the hand, said, "Brave Kinchela! you are an honour to your country! a worthy son of poor, ill-treated, but ever warm-hearted Ireland! I shall do all in my power to aid you. Here! Kinchela's companion," said Furlong aloud and beckoning to the Captain to come close to him. "I understand, sir," he continued, "the object this honest man has in view; but he never can accomplish it, if you persist in your original intention of proceeding to Wexford. All the

roads leading to that town are covered by such forces as you see before you. It is impossible, with safety for you, to pass through them, to reach it ; and, even if you did, I believe, it would be only to find that the King's army will be compelled to abandon it before night. Instead of Wexford you should try and get to New Ross, in which town there is, I am aware, a considerable military force on your side. Kinchela knows the country well, and can conduct you through the least frequented roads. I wish you well, sir, and am happy to have it in my power to shew my respect for a generous foe. I shall give the pass-word to Kinchela. It is to be used, you will remember, for no other purpose than to secure your safety. I am sure I can rely upon your honour as an officer and a gentleman, it shall not be otherwise employed."

"Certainly," replied Captain Abercrombie.

"With my consent, it shall be used solely for the

accomplishment of the object to which you restrict it. Farewell ! Mr. Furlong, I hope we shall meet in happier times—not as foes, but as friends.”

“ No—no—brave man ! ” replied Furlong despondingly. “ I have lost all that rendered life desirable ; and now but one hope remains to me, that I may be permitted to fall in the field of battle, fighting for the liberty and independence of my native land. Kinchela—the pass-word which will remove every impediment in your way consists in these two words *Bagenal Harvey* ! Farewell ! farewell ! ” said the chivalrous Thomas Furlong as he rode forward to join his troop of Shilmaliers.

Captain Abercrombie protected by the pass-word, and guided by Kinchela passed through the country unmolested.

“ Please your honour ! ” said Kinchela, when they came so near to New Ross as to hear the sound of a military bugle within its walls, “ you

are now out of danger—and here, Captain, if you please, we will part. It is not safe for me to go any farther.”

“Not safe for you, Kinchela, to go any further !” repeated Captain Abercrombie.

“No sir ; for I am a poor man, and New Ross is full of yeomen ; and the yeomen have nothing to do at present but to shoot every poor man they meet with. They shoot one of us, sir, they say, because he is on the road ; and they hang another, because he is off the road ; and they put a pitch-cap on a third, because he is inside his own cabin ; and they lash a fourth to death, because they find him outside his cabin ; and the fact is, your honour, the only chance of safety a poor man has now-a-days is either to keep out of the sight of the yeomen, or if he cannot do that, then to put a pike up to the hilt in every yeoman he encounters. As I have not a pike, I think I have a better chance of being alive

this time to-morrow, by not going into New Ross to-night."

"Are you a sworn United Irishman?" asked Captain Abercrombie.

"No," replied Kinchela. "The master would allow of no secret political societies amongst his servants, dependants, or tenantry; as such societies, he said, were equal to bank-notes for spies and informers, because they could be so easily turned into money. The master always maintained that so long as secret societies existed in Ireland the country would be convulsed, and the societies themselves converted into so much blood-money by every worthless, strolling vagabond who chose to spout patriotism, and could sing a rebellious ballad."

"I am glad to hear you are not an United Irishman, Kinchela, both for your sake and my own."

"For your sake, Captain! Ah! then, what matter can it be to a gentleman of your rank and

station what a poor fellow like me has been doing with himself ? ”

“ Kinchela ! ” said Captain Abercrombie with much apparent emotion, “ you have put your life in peril to preserve mine. The obligation is one that never can be forgotten whilst William Abercrombie lives ; and if your existence be longer than mine it shall not be without its reward, even when I am in my grave. But, now to the subject which I am sure you consider of more importance than yourself, and that is the interest—the fortunes—the future safety of Mr. Kirwan. I believe that which you desire beyond all other things in this world is to be in a position to render substantial service to your old and kind master.”

“ It surely is, your honour. You speak the truth, Captain, when you say that. You seem to know me as well as if you were standing in the centre of my own heart.”

“I believe, Kinchela,” continued Captain Abercrombie, “that you are as shrewd as you are honest, and that you will rely on what I say as the truth.”

“Of course, I will. A man that acted as you did in Mr. Kirwan’s drawing-room is not one that would try to deceive a poor fellow, like myself, by telling him a lie.”

“Observe now, Kinchela, what I am saying to you, and rely upon it as an indisputable truth. This unfortunate rebellion, insurrection, rising, or whatever else you call it, now raging all over the county Wexford will, as sure as you and I are at this moment speaking together, be put down by the King’s forces. There is an army in Ireland at this moment sufficient to crush it; and if there were not, England would be sure to send such an army hereafter; and, as she commands the sea with her navy could land her army in whatever part of Ireland she pleased. It is

merely a question of time how long this rebellion can last. Probably not a week—certainly not a month—utterly impossible it could hold head for six months together against the strength and wealth of England. So long, however, as it lasts your master is safe from the prosecution commenced against him ; but the moment the insurrection is suppressed his life and fortune will be placed in the same jeopardy they were this morning, when he was my prisoner, and I was on the point of conducting him to jail. The time then is sure to come when you may be able to render him great assistance—and the way you can best do so is by being a perfectly free man—not only by your conduct during this period being unimpeachable in a court of law ; but when you shall be able to prove you preserved the life of one of the King's officers. Now, the way to effect all these objects is to enter New Ross with me, as my servant, and to put on there my livery

—to wear that livery so long as these troubles continue. It will be as complete a protection from the yeomen as if you wore a red-coat. When the time comes to be useful to Mr. Kirwan—discard my livery—and return to the service of your old master. This is my plan to save you—first for your own sake ; next for his ; but this plan would be liable to be disarranged, if it were in the power of a spy or informer to afford the proof that you had, at any time, been sworn an United Irishman. Hence, it was I asked you the question, and not for the purpose of testing your political opinions.”

“ Thank your honour ! Thank you Captain, for the offer,” said Kinchela, “ and I willingly accept it—more for the master’s sake, however, than my own ; because though I own to you I would have no objection, but rather a liking to be putting a pike into one of the North Corks, or Welsh thieves ; still after all when the fight is

over, and the master's troubles have come back upon him, instead of helping him, I would have myself to be '*on the run.*' Your plan, Captain, I see prevents me from doing a mischief to myself, and gives me a chance of doing a service to him—So ! Go on, Captain jewel ! from this day forward I consider myself all as one as hired to you, and living on board-wages."

CHAPTER V.

THE INSURGENTS.

LEAVING the Captain, and his newly-appointed livery-servant to enter as fugitives into the strongly-garrisoned town of New Ross, we return to the incidents that occurred in front of Mr. Kirwan's house when that gentleman heard the enthusiastic acclamations that ratified the popular nomination and new title of 'General' bestowed upon him.

The old man turned pale, as if he were already listening to the Judge pronouncing his death-doom, when the ominous words "General Kirwan" were first uttered, and then with delight

reiterated by the approving voices of admiring thousands.

With his cheek still bleeding Mr. Kirwan again presented himself on the balcony ; but now—that he knew Captain Abercrombie was out of the house—with more confidence than on the former occasion. Then he was pleading for the life of another whilst now he had but to discharge what he considered as a minor duty—seeking to preserve his own.

“ My friends ! ” he said, “ consider what you are doing. The title of ‘ General ’ should never be bestowed but upon one who has been educated as a soldier, whose abilities qualify him to command others, and whose talents might enable you to win, in fields of battle, victories over your enemies. You know, my friends, that because I was popular amongst you, I was charged with concocting treason against the King, the laws, and the established constitution in Ireland. Such

was the false charge on which I was about to be tried; and had I been brought to trial, there could not be one single fact truly alleged against me to sustain that accusation. But now, my friends, it is not so. My enemies have their Castle-Spies amongst you; and, be assured those Spies are only making use of you, when they incite you to designate me ‘a General.’ If I were to act as your General, these enemies would say :—‘ You see Mr. Kirwan was stirring up insurrection secretly in the country, as we said he was, and now, behold the proof!—the moment the insurrection breaks out, he is appointed a General, and the object he so long ardently desired, is at last attained.’ ”

“ And why not, Mr. Kirwan ? ” said an old man with long grey hair, high wrinkled forehead, large wild grey eyes and cadaverous countenance. “ And why not, Mr. Kirwan ? Why should not the Irish people, when they have at last taken up

arms to defend themselves, their wives, their children, and their homes from the midnight robber, and the mid-day murderer have such men as you—the only few good men in the country—at our head, to teach us that of which we are ignorant—how best we can do battle against the ruthless savages, that are wasting our fair land with fire and sword !

“ John Kirwan ! we are ready to die for you ! Why should not you be willing to die with us ? It is all God’s truth what you have been saying about yourself. You are a good landlord—a good magistrate—a good neighbour. But what are we in return ? Are we bad, or wicked, or ungrateful ? Have we not given you all that was in our power to bestow upon you ? We had not gold, nor bank-notes to present to you—and if we had, you would not take them from us. But all that was ours to give—we gave you. You had our love, John Kirwan. Whenever you walked you

saw none but eyes filled with love and gratitude. And we gave you, what was better than our love as men—we gave to you, and to yours—our prayers. Yes, morning, noon, and night we prayed for you, with all our hearts, and all our souls. We prayed that you might be converted—that you might live to see the truth—that every blessing this world could bestow might be yours whilst you had health to enjoy it, and then we prayed—ever and always—that the greatest of all blessings might be bestowed upon you—the blessing of a happy death. If your good deeds have never ceased, no more have our good prayers. Stand by us then, John Kirwan, as we will stand by you. If you can help us with good advice, or greater learning, do not shrink away from us, when, may be, a word spoken by you in time, might be the means of saving us from destruction. Stand by us, I say, John Kirwan; and so doing, save us from ourselves—for the bitterness

of these bad times has fallen heavy upon us. If many good men in your station of life, and of your religion have fallen in this conflict on our side—if the brave Lord Edward, and M'Cann and the Shearses, and Byrne, and Jackson have been slain—remember how many hundreds of us, our wives and children, have been slaughtered. No cruelties have as yet, been practised upon gentlemen—none of their heads have been burnt with pitch-caps, nor their backs torn with the cruel lashes, nor their wives put to death, nor their children massacred. All these evils have fallen upon us—the peasantry—and so we have been provoked, in our turn to commit deeds of blood, that it would be much better had never happened. Stand then, John Kirwan, between us and our human infirmities. Take the title of 'General' that has been given to you ; and if it enables you to save one innocent life from an unprovoked death, though you may lose your

own existence for adopting it, yet remember that the time will come, and at any rate cannot be far distant from you, when one such good act, winning for you a martyrdom, will be better for you than all the wealth, and all the power, and all the glory, of all the kingdoms of this world, though you were to live a hundred years longer in the full enjoyment of them all.

“And then, you say, John Kirwan that it was some enemy of yours that first called out for you to be a ‘General.’ Well! may be it was; and may be it was not an enemy; but if it was an enemy, remember, he could not have said the word if God had not given him the power to pronounce it; and the Lord may in this case, as He often does, make use of the evil passions of bad men for the purpose of purifying the good, and through the crosses and tribulations sent to them so fit them for that everlasting salvation which was prepared for them,

long before they or this world itself was ever made.’”

“Bless me!” mentally said Mr. Kirwan, “This poor peasant, I dare say is totally ignorant—a sentiment similar to his own is to be found in Thomas à Kempis: ‘semper pro nostra salute facit, quic quid nobis advenire permittet.’”

The aged peasant continued:—“And no matter, Mr. Kirwan, what the bad man, your enemy, and—if he is a Castle-Spy—the enemy of us all meant by it, when he called you a ‘General.’ I will tell you what I mean by it, and every man here who loves and respects you means by it. It is that as General you should have power over us. It is not that we think you can teach us how to win battles; for we are all aware you know as little of soldiering, as you do of bleaching, or making pipe-clay, or trigonometry, or transmogrification, or any other of the arts and sciences; but it is that you must be not only able to advise but also

to command us, when the battle is over how to behave ourselves, and above all things, have the power to prevent bad, or wicked, or heart-broken distracted men from doing such acts of cruelty upon others, as have been done upon themselves. That is why we wish you to be our General. And, now, John Kirwan, say the word. Will you leave us, or stay with us, ? Will you go to those who have doomed you to death, for no other crime than that you have been kind, and good, and just towards your poor countrymen ; or, will you stay with us, who give you our hearts' love, and are ready to shed the last drop of their blood before a single hair of your head is injured ? Say the word, and do as you like best."

"My friends !" said John Kirwan. "I will go with you. Call me 'General,' if you like ; but, mind, I accept the title only on one condition—that I have the power to save life—and that I will hold it only so long as you conduct

yourselves with humanity to all who fall into your power as prisoners, and are no longer able to resist you. And that I will resign it—and quit your side—the moment I discover I am powerless to prevent an act of cruelty, or of unnecessary bloodshed.”

The renewed cheers of the multitude denoted their gratification at finding that Mr. Kirwan had accepted the title of General; and in an hour afterwards crowds of armed men rushed out of Abbeylawn in a confused mass on the road to Oulart, where, it was understood, Father Murphy with a band of insurgents were awaiting an attack from the North Cork Militia, which had been despatched from Wexford to subdue and disperse them.

CHAPTER VI.

BATTLE OF OULART-HILL.

AMONGST the records of crimes and cruelties practised in the insurgent districts of Wexford in 1798, there were none more dismal than those which specify the atrocities committed by the North Cork Militia. Their conduct was not that of military men fighting against open foes, armed, and able to encounter them. Their principal victims were children, women, priests, unarmed individuals, persons arrested without a conflict, or men who had been made prisoners in battle. Upon such objects the North Cork Militia is reported to have exercised cruelties, and practised

tortures which were equal to, but could not be surpassed, by all we are told of the diabolical ingenuity of the drink-besotted North American Indians. These caitiffs—unworthy the name of soldiers—were all sworn Orangemen—and they had, in entering the county, proclaimed their intention to imitate the course practised a short time before in Armagh by the Orangemen in the North. That determination they had acted upon. Their deeds of horror in every place they visited—the unprovoked murders committed in many cabins—the reckless destruction of every article of furniture in bed-room, sitting-room, and kitchen—the constant firing of dwellings and chapels actually made a desert of the country through which they marched; and at last, drove the peasantry into masses together, to see if they could by numbers encounter and defeat their barbarous persecutors.

The first place in which the panic-stricken

peasantry came into hostile collision with the Orange yeomanry was at Boolyvogue. There, these friends, not content with destroying all the habitations of the poor, set fire to the chapel amid execrations so awful, that the patience of the parish priest, Father Murphy, was exhausted, and he called upon his parishioners to aid him in inflicting a fitting punishment upon those demons who seemed to delight in desecrating every object devoted to religious worship. The maddened peasantry obeyed the command of their clergyman; and, in a few moments the whole of the Orangemen were, with their officer, slain on the very spot where they had been guilty of numberless sacrilegious outrages.

Such was the account which Mr. Kirwan, (accompanied by his nephew, Agnes, and Lucy), received as he proceeded in his carriage at the rear of the armed multitude, which was marching with all speed, towards Oulart-Hill, on the top of

which Father Murphy had formed an encapment. And there—as they had no other refuge—were as many women, and more children than there were men.

The aid of such a considerable body as that which preceded Mr. Kirwan, was received by the fugitives on the hill of Oulart with vivid and heartfelt demonstrations of joy; and no sooner did Father Murphy hear that his old friend was with the multitude below, than he rode down the hill to speak to Mr. Kirwan.

“ Ah! Mr. Kirwan, he exclaimed, “ I did not expect to see you here—as, indeed, I never calculated upon being in such a position myself. But for me, there was no other alternative. I am here in obedience to the first law of nature—to protect one’s life, and defend one’s own existence so long as we can. At Boolyvogue had I presented myself unarmed before the Orangemen, they would have hung me, because I am a clergyman

in front of my own chapel. What then was I to do? Patiently to see them destroy a place of public worship, and unresistingly permit them to place their murderous hands on my person; or—to punish them for their sacrilege and their murders, and so—prolong my life? You know, Mr. Kirwan, how willingly I co-operated with you in discountenancing all secret societies—how urgent I was with my flock to obey the law; and—fool that I was!—I promised them—for I believed that I was stating the truth—that if they did so, their lives would be safe, and their little properties secure. The very quietude of my parishioners was mistaken for cowardice, and the murderous Orangemen supposed they could terrify them into submitting to every cruelty that might be practised upon them. Hence, they perpetrated such crimes as would thrill you with horror to hear of. Only think of what they did as they

marched through Ballyvogue. You remember Nannie Corbet."

"Yes! Yes!" said Mr. Kirwan, "the lovely young girl that was affianced to Thomas Furlong and was murdered by one of Beresford's corps the same night my nephew was wounded."

"Alas! I predicted truly," said Father Murphy, sighing, "when I said that God in His mercy had then taken her away from us, and so preserved her from the misery of beholding the scenes reserved for her survivors to witness. Oh! Mr. Kirwan, she had a little sister with her on that unhappy night——"

"Oh! a dear little child! I am quite interested about her," observed Agnes.

"And I was busy making nice new frocks for her this day, when we had to leave the house," chimed in Lucy.

"Spare yourself any further trouble on her account," said Father Murphy, as he brushed

away a tear. "She is clothed now with the robes of immortality! She is an angel in heaven!"

"Oh! Gracious Providence! dead! that charming, dear, lovely child! dead!" exclaimed Agnes, bursting into tears.

"Yes—dead! dead! barbarously murdered!" replied the priest, "She was standing at a cabin door, looking at the yeomen passing by—and, unconscious of her danger, smiled upon them as they passed. One of these miscreants—he was, I am told, an officer—stepped out of the ranks and presented a pistol at her head; and she, in childish waggery, laughed in his face, and pulling a little gold cross out of her bosom, held out her tiny arm, presenting the end of the cross at him, as he was holding the pistol towards her; and—the next moment her brains covered the threshold of the door at which she stood!"

"Oh! this Ireland! this frightful Ireland! this horrible detestable Ireland; and the cruel,

murdering, blood-thirsty Irish !” cried Lucy as she fell back fainting in the arms of her mistress.

“ Poor, innocent, English girl ! poor, persecuted, unhappy Irish ! It seems to be our fate to be for ever censured for the misdeeds and barbarities committed upon us by our own oppressors,” observed the clergyman as he looked with compassion upon the insensible Lucy.

“ Is the wretch living by whom that barbarous deed was committed ?” asked Mr. Kirwan.

“ Neither he, nor one of his companions,” replied the clergyman. “ But such deeds are now common. Cromwell’s soldiers were not more cruel than the yeomen of the present day. The infamous French republicans who slew king, queen, princes, priests, and bishops, were not so bad as the Irish Orangemen and Welsh militia regiments now in Ireland, for though Cromwellians and French republicans shed blood like water, they did not practice to the same extent

the tortures that have been inflicted on the unhappy Irish at this time. It is to protect ourselves from such tortures, such barbarities—in short—to prolong life, that we are now in arms.”

“And as a lawyer,” said John, “I say you are quite justified in taking up arms. The loyalty of every British subject is conditional. His allegiance is due to the crown, so long as the crown protects him in life, liberty, and property, but when the crown arms men to deprive the subject of life, liberty, or property, then the ties of allegiance are broken, rebellion becomes a virtue, and insurrection a duty. To punish crimes, such as those committed in Ballyvogue, it is incumbent upon every man who can wield a sword to betake himself to arms, and never to lay them down, until condign punishment is inflicted upon the sacriligious murderers.”

“Ah! Mr. Kirwan Williams,” replied the clergymen, “the time is now passed for discussing

these questions before human tribunals. I am here, well knowing that men will judge of me by the consequences of my actions. If success crown my efforts, then I shall be esteemed as ‘a patriot’—if defeat awaits me, then I shall be denounced as ‘a turbulent, sacerdotal rebel.’ I am indifferent as to what the world may say of me. I appeal, with death surrounding me on all sides, to that unerring Judge, who knows what man cannot know—my motives and intentions. If Heaven decides in my favour, what care I for the opinions of weak, erring, corrupt, prejudiced mortals? He, who seeks after that glory which is true and eternal is utterly regardless of worldly fame.”

“Dear me! dear me!” ejaculated Mr. Kirwan. “That is a sentence out of Thomas-à-Kempis: ‘Qui veram et æternam gloriam desiderat, temporalem non curat.’”

“True, Mr. Kirwan,” replied the clergyman.

“It rejoices me to perceive you are a reader of that pious author. Let me solemnly entreat of you—not merely to read—but to ponder over—to study—to meditate upon a chapter of his book every day. It is a sure path to heaven.”

“You may depend upon my doing so,” answered Mr. Kirwan.

A shout—a fearful shout from the top of the hill of Oulart, interrupted the conversation.

“I must leave you,” said Father Murphy. “As all in this carriage are non-combatants, I recommend you to remain where you are. You can, without sharing in the danger, see how the battle goes. If we are victorious our enemies are sure to retreat towards Wexford. If we are defeated we shall have to fly over that side of the hill—and the moment we do so, do you drive back with all speed, as your only chance then of safety will be in the midst of your tenantry, amongst whom you may find the means of concealment until

the storm blows over. I believe, however, that we shall succeed, for our assailants on this occasion are the North Cork Militia, and the sight of that ruthless regiment is sufficient to arouse every Wexford man to desperation."

Mr. Kirwan and his companions looked in the direction towards which they observed the persons on the top of the hill pointing.

"I can see nothing to indicate the approach of the army," observed Mr. Kirwan, "but my sight is becoming, I suppose, weak as it is old. Look out you John."

Kirwan Williams moved with some difficulty to the seat which had been occupied by his uncle; for his leg, unaccustomed to the jolting of a carriage, was beginning to pain him.

"Eh! John? Can you make out what these poor people are pointing at?" asked Mr. Kirwan.

"No sir," replied John. "Their conduct would be inexplicable to me, but that they, being

so much higher than we are, can command a more extensive view of the country.”

“ Ah !—they must be near us, John,” observed Mr. Kirwan.” At least so I inferred from what Father Murphy said, as he rode away.

The whole company in the carriage started as they heard on a sudden a whining voice in their ears, and—a man with a long red beard, and one of his eyes covered over with a yellow, dirty bandage presented himself at the carriage-window by the side of which Mr. Kirwan and Agnes were now sitting opposite to each other.

“ The Lord love your honours ! ” said the beggar, “ and you brave ladies both, and give a something to a poor man, who lost one of his precious eyes in being over diligent for a bad master.”

“ Dear me ! my good man ! you have quite startled me ! How did you contrive to come so suddenly and unobserved upon us ? ” said the simple-minded Mr. Kirwan.

“I don’t wonder,” answered the red-haired beggar, “at the sight of me startling you; for even in my best of days I never had any reason fortaking a pride out of my beauty; and since I lost my blessed eyesight, I can fancy that a picture of me would be enough to frighten a cross baby into a sleep.”

“Yes—yes! But where did you come from? You appear, here so unexpectedly,” said Mr. Kirwan.

“Ah! then, it is very good of a rich man like you to be after asking a poor man like me, where I come from,” rejoined the beggar. “It is very seldom a rich man cares where a poor man comes from; and it is but too often the poor man is desired, when he asks for alms, to go to a place where the rich man would not like to follow him, but still where—if there is any truth in the Holy Scriptures—the rich man is most likely to be

before him. ‘*Where* do you come from,’ says the good rich man to me; because he intends to hand me a shilling, or may be a dollar for all the trouble he gives me in talking to him. ‘Where do I come from?’ Why, then, where else should I come from, but my own native place—Driminthu, hard by the town of Bailieborough in the county Cavan, where potatoes are more plenty than Protestants; but still where the Orangemen are let to have things too much their own way, although the M’Quaides, the Bradys, the O’Reilly’s, and the M’Dermots are busy every market, fair, and patron-day in trying to beat them into good manners. And there is where I came from, and I am almost certain you will pay me handsomely for answering the question.”

“Poor man!” said the innocent and easily-duped Mr. Kirwan. “The simplicity, my dear child Agnes, of these unsophisticated people is, of all other things in this world, the most interest-

ing to me. I know no greater happiness in life than listening to them, and relieving their wants. And so my poor fellow ! ” continued Mr. Kirwan, as he again addressed himself to the beggar. “ You came all the way from Bailieborough in the county Cavan.”

“ Yes, your honour, from Driminthu, where you could have the finest view in the world of the old castle of Dromore, only that the Cromwellians first knocked the roof off of it ; and then, the Williamites, after the battle of the Boyne, blew it up from its foundation, so that there is nothing now left but a few stones heaped together by the side of the water. That is the identical spot I came from.”

“ And you have lost the sight of one of your eyes too ! Poor man ! poor man ! ” pathetically observed Mr. Kirwan.

“ Indeed, I did your honour, lost the sight of one of my precious eyes in blasting rocks, and

going too near the mine to see how it was going on, when it exploded in my face, and nearly blew my head off. It was the Lord, in His goodness, that saved the sight of the other eye, or the stone that hit me would have made me *stone-blind*. But it would be all one to wicked old Lord Roden, for whom I was working when the misadventure happened to me; because, when I was able to walk I went up to his lordship; and says I to him, ‘please your lordship, don’t you mean to do anything for me, after I losing my best eye in your service?’ ‘Did I bid you do it?’ said he to me.’ ‘To be sure you didn’t,’ says I to him. ‘Did I bid you look at the mine,’ says his lordship to me, ‘when it blew up in your ugly face?’ ‘No, indeed, your lordship’s honour says I to him, ‘you didn’t bid me do any such thing.’ ‘And would you do anything I would bid you?’ says his lordship to me. ‘To be sure I would, why not?’ says I to his lordship. ‘Very well,

then,' says he to me. 'I now bid you to go out of that, and never to come next, near, nor nigh me, during your born days again; and, moreover, if I find you or any blackguard like you on my land, begging from me, or any of my tenants, by Dampers!' says his lordship to me, swearing a horrid oath, 'but I will set my bloodhounds after you, and they will make such a holy shew of you, that the mother that bore you would not know you in two minutes afterwards from a heap of rags.' 'And so,' says I to his lordship, 'is that all your lordship has to say to me, for having the eye blasted out of me in doing your work!' 'No,' says his lordship, 'it is not all I have to say; for I have to say this also to you, that I am blasted sorry that the blast in my quarry did not blast and blow you into millions of smithereens; for then I never would have been bothered by wasting so much of my right honourable breath in talking to you. I feel that a great,

grand, rich, nobleman like myself, quite demeans himself, when he condescends to open his noble mouth, though it be but to abuse a low, mean, beggarly rascal such as you are. So now, be off with yourself. Let me never see or hear more of you, in this part of Ireland, or I will have you hung for a rebel.' That is what Lord Roden said to me ; and there, your honour is the reason why I have left the north of Ireland, and now am on my way to the south, in order that I may get as far away as I possibly can from Lord Roden, his blasting quarries, and his blood-hounds. Oh ! then, your honour, but it was the sore day for me going to try if I was doing my work right ; for, if I had *sot* on my hunkers, waiting patiently for the mine to go off, I might be to this hour, living by my own honest labour in Driminthu, hard by Bailieborough, instead of wandering, like a thistle-down, over the face of the country—blown hither and thither with every

blast of wind—and seeking everywhere, and finding nowhere a place to settle down in.”

Mr. Kirwan listened with a sympathising ear to this fabricated tale, and believed it all as implicitly, as if it was a proved fact. He was quite unconscious that whilst the beggar was holding out his left hand for charity, his right was grasping the but end of a pistol which he was prepared to use the moment Mr. Kirwan should lean forward to present him with the alms for which he was now waiting.

The fell intentions of the beggar were easy of execution, even though Mr. Kirwan was sitting in the company of three persons, and that he was attended by three servants, each having a case of pistols in his belt. Agnes and Lucy who (with John), were in the carriage, were not listening to the conversation that passed, but each sat with her face covered with a handkerchief, and weeping bitterly for the poor child whose dreadful death

had been described to them by the clergyman ; whilst the thoughts of John were distracted between two cares—his anxiety that no evil should befall those so dear to him in the coming conflict ; and then, his desire to ascertain how near or how distant from them were the terrible soldiers of the North Cork Militia, whose attack upon the multitude gathered on Oulart Hill was momentarily looked for. As to the three servants—Tim Connolly, the coachman on the box, his thoughts were concentrated upon holding in with a tight rein the two horses beneath him, whilst the other two servants were standing each at a horse's head, to steady them, lest they should become restive, when the firing on both sides commenced.

The pretended beggar (Ned Reddy) saw the manner in which each of these persons was engaged ; and it was with the full conviction on his mind, that he could effect his deadly purpose, and escape afterwards with impunity, that he had

approached the carriage of Mr. Kirwan—unnoticed by those inside, and unobserved by their attendants.

John Kirwan—though in the midst of friends—of those who loved and those who revered him—was still absolutely defenceless against the sanguinary intentions and fatal weapon of a villain, who had that day, by inflicting a slight wound upon the good man, proved himself willing to become a murderer. John Kirwan was therefore, in fact, as defenceless at that moment, as if he and his intended assassin stood alone on a barren heath—he, without the means of preventing or repelling injury, and his foe having in his hand an instrument of death, he was resolved upon using!

John Kirwan was alone!—face to face with a miscreant hired by a large reward to shed his blood! The willing murderer told his false tale, and his hardened heart felt no compunction, as

the innocent and unsuspecting victim listened to him.

John Kirwan was helpless, defenceless—and, so far as this world was concerned, it did not appear to be a thing possible, to the intending murderer that his victim could be living five minutes longer.

John Kirwan was alone ! Unconsciously, his existence was trembling on the very brink of eternity !—and there was nought to save him from the sudden and bloody death about to be inflicted upon him, but the Providence of God acting through his own innate goodness of disposition, and boundless charity of heart. Let us see what they availed him, in this awful peril.

“ My poor man ! ” said Mr. Kirwan, as his hands went searching in different pockets for his purse. “ I think yours is a particularly pitiable case ; and one in which great injustice has been done to you. Whilst labouring in the discharge

of your business, you have been deprived of the means of living by your own labour. This misfortune gave you an especial claim, in the first instance, upon your employer; and he was, I think, bound to maintain you for the rest of your days. His refusal to perform his duty cannot, however, lessen your claim upon the community. Unfortunately, we have not in this country, that humane and most just code of laws which have long been established in England, and have contributed so much to its peace and contentment—laws, which recognise the right of every poor man, unable to work, to be maintained out of the wealth of the land which his toil has served to increase; for without the productive labours of the poor there could be neither riches nor prosperity. And if we ever have, as I trust we shall, a reform in Parliament, then I hope one of the first enactments decreed by such a Parliament will be—a Poor Law for Ireland. Meanwhile, since we have

no such provision for poor, honest, hard-working men like you, it is a bounden duty of each of us to mitigate the evils which the absence of such a law renders unavoidable. You are, my good man, a complete stranger to me ; but still your account of yourself interests me greatly ; and if I am ever able to return to my own home, and to have again the same power I hitherto have had over my own property, then remember that you come to me. I am sure not to forget (whatever may hereafter happen), the poor man who asked for alms on Oulart Hill. Come then, I say, to me. Insist upon seeing me. Let no one turn you away without my speaking to you ; and if—as I am sure it will be the case—your parish clergyman's story corresponds with your own account of yourself—then I promise you a comfortable cabin, a bit of ground for your potatoes and cabbage—a little pig to begin with—and a pension of seven shillings a week.”

The hell-fire that had been gleaming in the false-beggar's eye died out, and the grasp upon his pistol-handle relaxed.

“But I am talking vain things, my poor man!” added Mr. Kirwan, as his hand at last got into the pocket where he had put his purse. “I am this day a fugitive from my own home; because a wicked relation seeks to deprive me of life and land. I may therefore never return to Abbey-lawn; and never have it in my power to do you the service I mention. I may die before the sun has set; and the alms you ask me for may be the last act of charity it may ever be in my power to perform. I am glad then to see you. I feel obliged to you for affording to me, a rich man, the opportunity of doing that, for which wealth is entrusted to one set of individuals—that is, to relieve the necessities of their neighbours. It is by the aid of the prayers of the poor, they relieve, the rich may hope to win the mercy of heaven.

Here ! then, my poor man, is a larger sum than under ordinary circumstances I would bestow upon you ; for this may be the last act of the kind I may ever perform ; and whether or not, this is certain that in the present state of the country, you can find but few in a position to afford you any relief. Here ! then, honest man, is not what you asked for—a small piece of silver ; but here are ten guineas in gold. There !—take them—you are heartily welcome to them ; and offer up, as you walk along one of your pious prayers for the maligned and persecuted John Kirwan.”

The beggar stretched out his hand—received John Kirwan’s gold, and, as he placed it in his pocket, thus communed with himself :—

“ What a villain ! what an outrageous, execrable villain is that Master James ! To think of harming such an angel of a man ! Why, the monster ! he is a thousand times worse than my-

self, and I always thought nobody was half as bad as I am—as I have been—as I could be. But to take gold—as a beggar too!—with one hand from such a blessed creature as that, and—to shoot him with the other hand! Oh, by the powders! I could not do it; though I was to be killed for it, I could not do it; though they were to make me king of Ireland, I could not do it. Why, Jemmy O'Brien could 'nt do it—no—nor the Major—nor Hepenstall—no, nor even John Claudius Beresford, though I believe he would do anything the devil bid him; yet I am almost sure that such an act as Master James sent me to do, could not, under the same circumstances, be done by Claudius Beresford himself. I wonder could Master James himself do it? Yes—I believe *he* could—for is it not with the wealth this honest man endowed him, that he has paid me for trying to kill him? And then, see the harmless creature he is! the poor *gomiluh*!

looking at me with his big good-natured eyes, as innocent as a sheep ! and little knowing what is passing in my heart, and how near I was to murdering him ! I could just as soon think of cutting my own throat this minute as to try to slay him. I have not the power to do it ; and if I was to draw a pistol upon him, I am sure my hand would shake so, I could never hit him, though he was the size of a hay-stack !”

“ Poor fellow ! ” thought Mr. Kirwan, looking benignantly upon the beggar, and putting a charitable construction upon the man’s silence, for no word of thanks had been spoken by the mentally-confused Ned Reddy when receiving Mr. Kirwan’s donation.

“ Poor fellow ! thought Mr. Kirwan, he is so astonished at receiving gold, that he is confounded with the possession of a larger sum than he ever hoped to obtain by years of hard labour ! Poor fellow ! he is so abashed I must try and

relieve him of his embarrassment by talking to him on another subject. "I say, my honest man," said Mr. Kirwan, again addressing himself to the beggar, "can you tell me what are the people on the hill pointing at?"

"The North Corks, to be sure," replied the beggar.

"Oh! then the enemy is in sight?" said Mr. Kirwan.

"To be sure they are, plain to be seen this half hour," answered Ned Reddy.

"Can you see them?" asked Mr. Kirwan.

"Why I must be as blind as a bat, if I did 'nt. I have only one eye—your honor has two—but any one, who looks that way, can see them with half an eye," replied Ned Reddy.

"Where? where?" asked Mr. Kirwan eagerly. "I declare my nephew and I have been gazing in the same direction for a long time, and cannot discern the slightest appearance of an army."

“Why, you see, your honor,” observed the beggar, “the war that is now going on in Ireland is the oddest sort of a war that ever was heard of. The army, that is the yeomanry and the militia, was called out to fight the French, who, we were all told, were coming over in great numbers, under the command of a General Hoche—but Billy Pitt (that I am told is the name of the gentleman who is now Prime Minister in England) and who is a very clever fellow by all accounts, got one of his spies—a French Jemmy O’Brien—to make an acquaintance with General Hoche, just as he was on the point of coming on board a ship to land in Ireland; and that French Jemmy O’Brien invites General Hoche to come and take a tumbler of punch with him before he went to foreign parts—for the French, they are such a horrid ignorant set, that, actually they call us Irish people when we are in France—‘foreigners!’ Well, and behold you! General

Hoche, being like many other clever fellows, much fonder of a drop than was good for his health—when he heard that the French Jemmy O'Brien had some real Irish whiskey to make punch with, and being (as I suppose) anxious to see what he would have to nourish the cockles of his heart, when he came to live amongst us, accepted the invitation of the French Jemmy O'Brien. And then the two of them—the French spy and General Hoche set to a drinking-match—and they drank, and drank, and drank, until General Hoche was so blind he would not know a lady's purse from a Highlander's pouch, nor a sword from a blunderbuss; and lo! and behold you! when he was in that state Billy Pitt's French spy 'did his business' for him—for he put into the last jug of punch they brewed together a pint of English home-made brandy, instead of a quart of the real, pure Irish whiskey; and the consequence was that Hoche being so far

gone that he did not know the taste of one from the other, he drank it all off, and as you might naturally expect—he never got the better of it! —the English brandy poisoned him, just as completely as if it was so much arsenic—his stomach could not stand it; and he died in disgust at himself, for having swallowed, without perceiving it, so much of such an abominable and inhuman liquid as home-made British brandy. Well! your honor, there was an end of General Hoche, and the French army coming to Ireland for that time! But still and all the yeomen and the militia could not be dispensed with; for it was said there was another French army a coming, and a greater man than ever Hoche was at the head of it—one Boney-part—who is so great a general entirely that there never yet was one dared to face him in a field of battle, that he did not lick the life out of them — making mince-meat of Russians, Prussians, Austrians, Bavarians, Hanoverians, and

Brunswickers. Well, Boney-part, it was said, was surely coming. He was to be here in April last, it was said, as sure as fate ; and only think of the cunning of Billy Pitt ! He knew that Boney-part was not to be taken in with the drink ; and so he sets one person at him to tell him that ‘ Ireland was such a little beggarly hole of a place that he ought not to demean himself by coming amongst us—that there was neither money nor marbles to be made by fighting for us, with us, or against us ; that he never could obtain fame nor profit by landing in this country ?’ And then, Billy Pitt sent another person to Boney-part to say ‘ that instead of coming to lose his time in Ireland, what would be really worth his while doing was going to Egypt, where there were the pyramids to be seen, diamonds to be had as big as pigeon’s eggs, and gold so common, that the people of quality had all the coal-skuttles in all their drawing-rooms made of nothing else.’

And then, Billy Pitt sent another person to Boney-part to say 'that if he dared to come to Ireland, he would send that tearing hero Nelson to encounter him, and blow every ship of his into bits as small as sparables, but that if he chose to go to Egypt, he '—that is Billy Pitt—' would make Nelson come and dine with him, and never let him outside the house, until he was sure the French fleet were more then half-seas over '—I don't mean drunk—' but on their way to Egypt.' And so!—it all ends in this—Boney-part is not coming to Ireland; and so there is little or no chance of there ever being a French army here, for the yeomen and militia to fight with. Well, your honor, that being the case, the militia and the yeomēn getting arms into their hands, and having no French to fight with, have—I suppose to keep their sanguinary propensities in practise—determined on having, by some means or another, a war in Ireland. Well! I really believe it is

almost next to an impossibility to have a war, if you have nobody to fight with, or can get no one to return a blow. Then the yeomen and militia wanting a war, they have nobody else to fight but the people—that is the poor people ; for as to the rich, they are in the first place too few to be worth fighting with ; and next, as it is the rich who pay for the *yeos* and the militia, it would not be becoming in them to fight with their paymasters. So, the war is to be carried on against the poor ; but as the poor would not fight the army, if the army would let them alone, so the army won't let them alone, but it begins shooting them, and hanging them, and kicking, and cuffing, and picketting, and lashing, and half-hanging, and whole-hanging, and putting pitch-caps on every poor man that is met with, and then setting their houses on fire as they go along, and—as *they are doing this very minute*, for if your honor or your honor's nephew are

not as blind as an old horse with winkers on him in a mill, you must see the smoke rising up all over the country, and that is what the run-a-ways on the hill are pointing at, and saying one to another : ‘ Do you see these thieving Orangemen ! how they are leaving their mark upon every poor creature’s cabin, as they come along ! ’ That then, your honor, is the way the people know the army is coming against them, and from that too they know how soon the soldiers may arrive at the hill of Oulart where many a sharp pike and many a stout heart is awaiting them.”

“ What an awful state of things ! ” exclaimed Mr. Kirwan. “ Why, even you, my poor man ! —wretched and forlorn as you are, and worthy of compassion of every one who sees you—even you, in these times are not safe from the cruelty of those men.”

“ True for your honor ! ” replied the beggar ; “ but still it is one comfort to me, that whenever

or by whomsoever I am attacked I am able at least to take one life, before I lose my own."

As the beggar thus spoke he displayed the large pistol he had hitherto concealed ; and as he shook it with a determined grasp of his large, strong masculine hand there overspread his countenance such a malignant and ferocious scowl, that Mr. Kirwan started back as he looked on him.

At the same time, Lucy removed the handkerchief from her eyes, and glanced at the beggar, and the instant she did so, she trembled with terror, for despite his false beard she felt almost certain he was the same man that she had that day seen standing in front of Mr. Kirwan's house, and that she had first observed in York.

"Oh ! for mercy's sake, sir !" whispered Lucy. "Do not speak to that man ! Send him away, if you can. He is, I am sure, a miscreant who has been employed to take away your life."

"I intend to imitate your example, my

friend," said Mr. Kirwan, as he shewed two pistols to the beggar. "If an attempt be made on our lives, we are resolved to sell them, dearly as we can."

"And you are right General Kirwan," observed the beggar. "Be on your guard, for the future, against all strangers—no matter on what pretence they approach you; for your nephew, James, is thirsting for your blood. Tell, the darling young English lady, who is the very image of a wax dolly not to be so very much frightened at the sight of a poor Irish beggar; for there is many a better man begging his bread to-day in Ireland than is riding in his coach in beer-drinking England. But, halloa! General! No more talking! Do you hear that shot? The fun is beginning! and I wouldn't be a real Irishman, if when I saw a fight going on, I did not take part with one side or the other. I am off! Good morning, a safe day, and a peaceful night to you,

John Kirwan, the only rich man in the whole country that is this day with the poor, and not against them."

All thoughts of the beggar were in a moment obliterated by the excitement of the scene that presented itself to the persons in and about Mr. Kirwan's carriage.

As the shot to which the beggar referred was heard, Father Murphy was observed on the top of the hill driving back the women and children who were huddling together in hundreds. He was forcing them to run behind the craggy rocks that covered the topmost part of the hill, and where, it was calculated, they would be safe from the fire of the musketry on either side.

No sooner had this object been accomplished than Father Murphy was seen marshalling a body of men, all dressed and armed in the same manner, in large, dark-coloured frieze coats, and each having a long pike with an iron spear at the top.

When he arranged these men in four lines, he made them kneel down, and at the same time he took off his hat; and the responses of the men to his prayer could be heard by Mr. Kirwan—they sounded in his ears as the humble but fervent supplications of brave men who were devoting themselves to certain death.

When Father Murphy had arranged this firm phalanx together at some distance from the top of the hill—where the ground was comparatively level, but still inclining downwards from the body of pikemen—he then brought forward others similarly armed, and seemed to be scattering them in loose, disjoined groups on the brow of the hill—thus masking the men behind, and at the same time arranging those in front, so as to produce an impression upon their assailants that their numbers were much greater than they actually were.

The force under Father Murphy, had been

for some time thus placed in battle array, when the soldiers of the North Cork Militia were seen ascending the hill, their pipes and drums playing in loud and discordant music the insulting tune of 'Croppies lie down !' The soldiers marched forward shouting and huzzaing, and occasionally discharging a shot at the group of insurgents. Thus they proceeded until they had reached about half-way up the hill, when they halted for a few minutes—and then, the order was suddenly given to fire, and it was followed by a few of the frieze-coats dropping on the brow of the hill, and being carried wounded or dead to the rear. Before, however, the militia had time to prime or load again, there were seen to rise on their elbows about twenty men, who had up to this time been lying flat on the ground near to the top of the hill, and who, as if with the one impulse, discharged all their pieces together, and by their shots slaying the commander of the

regiment, and all the men in the front rank. The militia reeled back in confusion at this deadly discharge ; but, at the same instant they heard the words—"double quick—charge bayonets ! On ! on ! soldiers ; Down with the rebels ! No quarter !"

"Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !" shouted the infuriated soldiers as they rushed up the hill, and bayoneted every wounded man that lay on their road. "Huzza ! huzza ! no quarter to the bloody rebels ! slay them all !"

On ran the soldiers with fixed bayonets at the scattered groups of insurgents that crowded together on the edge of the hill.

"Ireland for ever !" exclaimed the fluttering bands of insurgents, as they appeared to give way before the whole body of the regiment now deployed into line, and rushing like madmen upon them. "Ireland for ever !" the peasants shouted boldly and joyously as they broke away in front of the regiment, and

then clung to its flanks and gathered in its rear.

“Ireland for ever!” thundered forth the phalanx of pikemen, as they rose from the kneeling posture in which they had hitherto remained, and advanced with quick, regular, steady step and protruded pikes upon the panting soldiers. “Ireland for ever!” again exclaimed the insurgents, as they invested their loud-cursing assailants as with a wall of iron, and then—a piercing cry of horror was uttered, a yell of terror shrieked out, and “mercy! mercy!” words spoken in vain were followed by deadly thrusts and—all was over!

Of the whole force of the North Cork Militia, that ascended the hill of Oulart—buoyant with life—confident of victory—threatening massacre to all they encountered—there was not left, in less than two minutes, but eight men living—and these flying, covered with wounds, from that

circle of death, within which their comrades had fallen.

The death-struggle on the hill, where Father Murphy and his pikemen had annihilated their assailants in such a brief period of time, was unseen by Mr. Kirwan and his companions. All they had observed were the soldiers marching up the steep ascent—then halting mid-way—then the darting splashes of fire amid the smoke of musketry—then the hurried charge of the soldiers afterwards—then the red-coats disappearing as in pursuit of the dark-dressed insurgents and then—it did not seem to be a moment of time—they heard piercing shrieks, and wild halloos, and a shout of victory, “Ireland and the Irish for ever!” and then—a few men in red coats were seen running down the hill in different directions, followed by the countrymen, who discharged from time to time, their muskets at the fugitives.

Amongst the latter was a young yeoman, who finding in his flight he was racing into the midst of a group of peasantry, turned suddenly round and made towards the carriage of Mr. Kirwan.

“Hurry! hurry! Tim Connolly!” exclaimed Mr. Kirwan. “Be ready to throw down one of my outside frieze coats you are sitting on to the poor wretch.”

“Oh! mercy! mercy!” cried the yeoman, clinging with a desperate grasp to the carriage window. “Save me, Sirs, or I shall be piked to death before your eyes. Oh! any death in the world for me but that most awful of all deaths. Oh! save me! save me!”

“Run to the other side of the carriage out of the view of your pursuers,” said John. “We shall do our best to save you. There, throw off your red jacket. Give it to me. We shall hide it in the coach. Now, put on that frieze coat,

and then run and conceal yourself as well as you can. We have no power here, and are liable to be put to death if seen aiding in your escape."

"Oh! your honors! your honors!" cried the man, "if I do escape, I know I shall owe my life to you—and—believe me—that if ever a service can be rendered to any one of you, and George Bolland, the man who is now speaking to you, is not willing to perform it, then he is the greatest villain that ever existed, and no true Orangeman."

With these words, the man dashed through a hedge; and he was observed by John for some time, creeping along on his hands and knees; and then, when he found there were no pursuers after him, he rose to his feet; and in a short time afterwards he was seen picking up a pike on the road, and placing it on his shoulder to walk across the country as boldly and confidently as

if he was himself, not a fugitive yeoman, but a victorious insurgent.

Luckily for Mr. Kirwan the part he had taken in aiding the escape of George Holland, the North Cork Yeoman, was unobserved by the exasperated insurgents amid the confusion and exultation of their speedy and complete victory. The old gentleman was on the point of recommending Agnes and Lucy to alight in order that they might take some refreshment, as all dangers of the day seemed to be at an end, when the beggar again presented himself at the coach-door, and thus addressed him :—

“Your honor’s handsel has been lucky to me this day; for I have been up on the hill, and seeing the officers of the North Cork, lying on the broad of their backs, and grinning like so many monkeys, the idea came into my head—and a very brave idea it was too!—that, may be, they had done one good deed at last, and that

was leaving something in their pockets for pious uses, and charitable purposes. So—as it was all one to them—I searched them, and one had twenty guineas in gold, another five pound in bank notes, a third a gold watch, and thirty shillings in silver, and the fourth a dollar, with an I. O. U. from Captain Hepenstall, that is only good to light a pipe with.”

“I am sorry you told me this,” said Mr. Kirwan, “for I have not the same good opinion I had of you a while ago. It is a frightful crime to despoil the dead. Was it for the purpose of telling me this, you came back?”

“Your honor is mistaken in point of morals,” replied the beggar. “I have only done what some one will be sure to do before they are buried. What is it makes great generals rich, but the spoils of war? and is not a poor fellow like me to have his little snacks, when grand people are taking large slices? What is the

meaning of the old proverb, that 'it is lucky to be in at the beginning of a feast, and the end of a battle,' but that at the end of a battle, money is to be picked up by—*stooping for it*. And, now your honor, a word in your ear—and it was to tell it I came back to you. I saw you saving the North Cork Militiaman. Keep that secret to yourself; for if it was known to the pikemen on the hill yonder, not Father Murphy, nor all the clergy in Ireland could save you from instantaneous death. You would have, I can tell you, no more chance of mercy, nor an escape from them—by the powders! not a bit more chance of your life, than if you were tried—by an Orange jury."

CHAPTER VII.

CIVIL WAR.

THE popular passions, which the rulers of Ireland in 1798, had so long laboured to provoke, at length burst forth, like a tornado, and swept over the entire surface of the country, carrying with them misery and ruin, desolation, and death.

The policy of the government of the day was to *make* a rebellion in Ireland, before the arrival of a French army, on whose co-operation the United Irish leaders had calculated as the only sure means of attaining the object of their desires. It was the belief not less of Lord Camden on the

one side than of Lord Edward Fitzgerald on the other, that an unmilitary population, no matter how brave and daring they might personally be, or however numerouslly organised, never could effectively resist a disciplined army, properly officered, and abundantly supplied with all the munitions of war. Hence, the Irish Tory Ministry was not less eager to see the discontented and disaffected take up arms, than the United Irish Directory were anxious their adherents should remain quiescent. The one wished to anticipate the promised assistance of France, and the other to await its debarcation.

The cruelties practised in accordance with the Tory policy produced the wished-for result. The population were *forced* into the field. Their ruthless enemies were enabled to slaughter them without mercy; and, so in the course of a few days there was a carnage of the peasantry at

Kilcullen, Naas, Stratford, Hacketstown, Dunlevan, Tara, Carlow, Monasterevan, and Kildare. Ireland had become

‘ A spacious burial-field unwall’d,
Strewed with Death’s spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men’s bones.’

The only district in Ireland, in which the calculations of the Tories, as of the United Irish leaders, proved to be erroneous, was the county of Wexford. There, and there only, did an unmilitary population win victories over trained soldiers; and there only was set at defiance for a few weeks, the whole power of the Government. Courage and numbers there proved triumphant, for a time, over all the terrors of the artillery, and all the skill of experienced generals. Had the people, in other parts of the country, equalled the reckless bravery of the Wexford population, the consequences of the rebellion might have

proved fatal to those by whom it had been provoked. Certain it is, that had the Wexford pikemen been led by officers skilled in war; or had even the rebel commanders of the day been cordially combined in their councils, though they might not ultimately have won a complete victory, yet they would undoubtedly have been able to delay defeat, and to render it less disastrous.

The misfortune of Ireland at that epoch—as at so many others—was that she had not merely arrayed against her a remorseless administration, but that amongst her own children there were two classes of domestic foes, and both in the pay of the enemy. These were the avowed Orangemen, and the secret Spies. The Orangemen were the instruments by whose means the peasantry had been driven to desperation, and whose cruelties and crimes were anticipated in this sentence of Cicero's:—

‘ Quo est detestabilior istorum immanitas, qui

lacerarunt omni scelere patriam, et in ea funditus delenda occupati et suntet fuerunt.'

The Orangemen arrayed themselves against their fellow-citizens, took a pride in their hostility, and openly wore the livery of the oppressor. They were the Prætorian bands of the despotic Camden in 1798. But, there were worse and more deadly enemies—as there have been before and since in Ireland—and these were men who professing popular principles were in pay of the enemy, or preferred the indulgence of their passions, and the gratification of their vindictive personal animosities to the welfare of their country. Of these some were ever betraying the councils in which they participated, and professed to support; others were rendering the cause in which they were engaged odious by their own conduct; whilst many were acting the part of violent and uncompromising patriots—these were the malcontents, for ever finding fault with what--

ever was done by the popular leaders—marring their efforts, lessening their influence, and where Union was the only chance of success, rendering it impossible by fomenting factions and splitting the power of the people into fragments.

At such a time, and amid such elements a person like John Kirwan, a man of gentle disposition and honest intentions, but unsuited by his retiring habits from taking a conspicuous part in popular assemblies was whirled away in the torrent of events, incapable, in any way, of influencing, guiding, checking, or controlling them. He might be a victim to this terrible commotion in the vortex of which he found himself; but he saw that he could not prevent a single excess being committed by those, who on account of his position and wealth had bestowed upon him the empty title of ‘General.’ He felt that the beggar on Oulart hill, who had warned him not to admit he had been a participator in the escape of George

Bolland, the Orange yeoman, had given him sound and prudent advice—that a multitude infuriated by cruelties practised upon them, and when their thirst of blood was aroused, would not, when interfered with, be chary in selecting a victim. He saw that if he were convicted before a tribunal of insurgents of having saved the life of one of the North Cork Militia the result would be as fatal to him, as if he were tried in Dublin by a packed jury, and the crown lawyers had accused him of ‘high-treason.’

The condition on which he had consented to allow others to call him ‘General’ was that the title was to bring with it the power of preventing acts of cruelty—and yet, here! the first day he was so named—he perceived it was only by stealth he could perform an act of humanity! and seeing that, he resolved to separate himself from the insurgents.

Like many other persons of quiet habits and

gentle disposition John Kirwan was a very firm man, when he had once adopted a resolution which he conceived it to be incumbent upon his honour, and the respect due to himself, to act upon. He hated pretences of all kinds, and *the pretence* that he exercised power, and was entrusted with influence when neither was, in fact, conceded to him was one which he was resolved openly to repudiate, and by every act of his to abjure.

The resolution thus come to was formed by Mr. Kirwan, whilst his family and attendants, having descended from the carriage, were taking some refreshment.

In accordance with the determination thus suddenly but firmly adopted, he ordered, so soon as the repast had been finished, the horses to be put to, and to drive to Wexford.

“To Wexford, sir!” exclaimed John. “Why, you will certainly be arrested there—perhaps, tried by court-martial—and, at once, executed!”

“I am aware of that John,” replied Mr. Kirwan. “But if I remain here, I am just as liable to be put to death, because I will not allow an unarmed man to be piked. I have the choice of two evils—to encounter death here, or there. I prefer it there, because in Wexford I can place Agnes, Lucy, and you in a place of safety.”

“There is,” continued Mr. Kirwan, “no safety for any of us, where we are. There is—if we reach it alive—the possibility of safety in Wexford for those more dear to me than can be the last years, months, or days of an old man’s life. Go on—Tim Connolly—the road to Wexford.”

And thus without waiting for, or communicating with, the forces that were still collected triumphing over the victory they had just accomplished on the Hill of Oulart, Mr. Kirwan set out, unaccompanied and unguarded but by his three domestics, for the town of Wexford.

It was a truly melancholy journey; for to whatever side they turned their eyes the travellers beheld the proofs of the horrid and savage warfare, that was carried on against the people and the country. An invading army of foreign barbarians could not have been more eager to destroy life and property than had been the soldiers of the North Cork Militia in their progress through the land. On all sides cabins were unroofed and burning—the larger farm-houses were heaps of ruins—the furniture, half-consumed, scattered upon the high-roads or in the fields; and generally, near to these memorials of mischief were to be found the remains of human beings—in a few places, the dead bodies of women—in more than one, the mangled corpses of children; whilst here and there, and as if in derision of the dead, the bodies of male peasants were hanging to the branches of trees or to the inn-posts. The fields were utterly deserted! Not a living creature—

man or animal—to be seen for miles upon miles along the entire of that doleful and dismal high-road!

But then—as if in contrast to this silent, solitary, and awful scene of death and desolation—the travellers chanced to behold, at a distance, a corps of Orange yeomen, giving loose to their ferocious joy, in a noisy bacchanalian revel.

It was, as the shades of evening were falling, these yeomen—unconscious of the events of the day, and the danger that was speeding so hastily onwards to them—were seen disporting themselves in front of a country inn, the flaming roof of which, with its tongues of fire, cast a red and fearful glare upon their festivities. Some were at a table drinking—others lay upon a heap of loose straw, holding bottles in their hands, and challenging those who were at the table to pledge the toast they were proposing—others were shrieking out awful execrations, min-

gled with hoarse laughter, whilst joining in a mad dance together—others were sleeping the profound sleep of drunkards—and about twenty yards, in front of all were four lifeless bodies—the last victims of the revellers!—a young husband and wife with their two children, all huddled together in one heap, as if they had been murdered whilst mutually clasping one another in their arms! This scene—and there were many such in Ireland in 1798—was more terrible than that which the imagination of Scott conjured up when he penned the description of a gang of criminals—

“ There Guilt his anxious revel kept ;
There, on his sordid pallet slept
Guilt-born Excess, the goblet drain’d
Still in his slumbering grasp retain’d ;
Regret was there, his eye still cast
With vain repining on the past ;
Among the feasters waited near
Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear,

And Blasphemy to frenzy driv'n

With his own crimes reproaching Heav'n."

Happily for himself, and those who travelled with him, Mr. Kirwan passed unobserved by this intoxicated band of military assassins. He was neither astonished nor grieved to hear a few days afterwards that they had been surprised in the midst of their revelry by a party of pikemen, and, with the proofs of their cruelty and guilt by their side, put to death with as little mercy as they themselves had shewn to their victims.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

UPON reaching Wexford Mr. Kirwan found it completely deserted by the king's army, and in a short time afterwards its streets filled with the forces of the insurgents. With some difficulty he obtained apartments ; and no sooner was his family settled in them, than he set inquiries on foot to ascertain in what manner he could most speedily withdraw from the country.

Amongst others with whom he came in contact, whilst making these inquiries was the well-known William Putman M'Cabe ; and to him as to all others, he declared his intention of partaking by no word or deed in the insurrection.

“My dear sir,” said M‘Cabe, in his usual plain-spoken manner, “you are quite right so to speak, and so to act; for you are not, and never could be of the slightest use to us. What we want at this moment are good generals and trained soldiers. All you are fit for is to talk, and we do not want talkers. If we did, I suppose you could, with a little practice, speak as eloquently, and as little to the purpose as most of our ‘grand orators’ (for whom, between ourselves, I have a most thorough contempt), as they are generally either persons who mean well, and talk nonsense; or persons who mean ill, and speak mischief. The one says what *ought* not to be said, and the other what *should* not be said. To which of these—time and circumstances might make you belong—I do not venture to affirm; but this I am sure of—we can now, and for the future, go on without you; because we have a superabundance of the nonsense speech-makers,

and a superfluity of the mischievous speechifiers. Then—you are too old to be a soldier. If you went into the ranks, we should have a second soldier to carry your knapsack, and a third to shoulder your gun ! As to your being a general, why you are past the age even for that ; and Father Murphy, or Father Roche, who never studied anything in their lives but their breviaries, would outmanœuvre you in five minutes. Of what use in the world then can you be to us ? you are a ‘ moderate ’ in every way. You are for applying to a time of war and civil convulsions the maxims of peace, as well as of conduct that would be very proper if the law was paramount, and impartially respected in this country. You cannot expect a man to smile when he is afflicted with a raging tooth-ache ; and yet you cry out ‘ mercy,’ and ‘ forbear ! ’ to men who have seen those most dear to them brutally murdered, or still more cruelly tortured to death. All you

can possibly do, Mr. Kirwan, so long as you are here, is to render yourself a great bore, an intolerable nuisance, and so—get knocked on the head for your pains !

“ We do not want you, Mr. Kirwan, nor men like you. You can propose nothing the people will listen to ; because it is said (whether truly or not, I don't know nor care) that at the battle of Oulart, you helped one of the cannibals of the North Cork to escape. Now, whether you did or not do that, makes not a particle of difference, because at a period when the popular passions are highly excited, it is enough to say anything against any man, and it will be believed. No one will take the time or trouble to inquire into the truth of the accusation, or the character of the accuser. Thus, you see, Mr. Kirwan, the sooner you are out of this the better for yourself, and for us ; because, though you are considered, and justly, by many, a very kind man, still there are

others who think you have no business here, and therefore should not remain.

“In point of fact, it is enough to excite suspicion against a person to be here, and doing nothing. Even mischief, at such a time as this, is—work,—and occasionally regarded as very fine work! Thus, the very fellows who are now doing the most mischief amongst us—those who are crying out one day against Bagenal Harvey, and the next day against Father Murphy, and the next day after that finding fault with both, because neither of the two apart or together can accomplish impossibilities and work miracles—are the very individuals who daily strut up and down the long wooden bridge of Wexford, with green cravats around their necks, and green rosettes in their button-holes, and challenge the admiration of all as ‘dauntless heroes!’ ‘pure-souled nationalists!’ and ‘patriots of the first-water!’ Where they will be on the day of battle I can give a shrewd

guess. It will certainly not be in the midst of danger, nor in the front rank of the fighters ; and the day after the battle, they will very probably be glad to exchange their unused pikes for—new handcuffs !

“ Away ! then, Mr. Kirwan, with yourself, as fast as you can. The only little, almost imperceptible service you can do us, is to be out of Wexford—not merely the town, but the country—with all possible speed.

“ As regards yourself, personally, it may be of material service to you not to be here when the army returns, for here they will inevitably be again—because the County Wexford, alone and unaided as it is, cannot fight and conquer the whole British Empire. If you are here, when the army returns, your nephew, Aide-de-Camp Captain James, could, with perfect impunity, pistol you in the street with his own hand, or have you tried by a drumhead Court-martial, and

hanged off-hand in less than five minutes afterwards.

“For your own sake, Mr. Kirwan, then, get out of this with all possible speed. Throw yourself in the way of some officer of the King’s army—such a man, for instance, as General John Moore; or some Captain in the British navy, announcing who you are, and declaring that your sole desire is that the accusation preferred against you by your nephew may be tried before a regular court and jury.

“If you do this—you have a chance of justice—the only one, professing your Anti-Tory principles that has, at this time, even a chance of justice; and that chance will be afforded to you, not for your own sake, but because the Lord-Lieutenant (who pretends to be a gentleman and a man of honor!) has been persuaded by some one in the Castle (a thirty-first cousin of a Wexford doctor, whose name, luckily for you, has

been mixed up with yours), that he—this gentleman! nobleman! man of honor! and Lord Lieutenant! in his eager desire to persecute an estated gentleman because he would not be an Orangeman, has appointed your nephew and prosecutor one of his aides-de-camp—that same aide-de-camp being a miscreant, against whom a coroner's jury has found a verdict of 'wilful murder.' Now this blunder-headed and malignant Lord-Lieutenant, who has not a spark of compassionate feeling in his composition for the unhappy Irish, is timidly, morbidly sensitive as to his own reputation; and he is anxious—by allowing you to have a fair trial—to make the world believe, that he is a man of just and fair disposition, and that he would not aid a culprit, even though his own aide-de-camp, in depriving you—though an Anti-Tory—of your life and estates.

“If you could be secretly knocked on the

head, or hanged quietly in a corner, and no more to be said about you, I believe it is what the infamous Lord-Lieutenant would be best pleased with; and that, so far as he was concerned, nothing might occur to shew to the world, that there had been a woman-murderer on his staff, whilst he was misgoverning the affairs of this country.

“I know what is passing in the Castle. I am aware of the annoyance and vexation this affair of yours has occasioned; and it is in the hope of exposing some of the villany practised there that I intend to aid you in your escape from this place, being perfectly conscious I shall meet with no impediment on the part of those who are now exercising authority in the town.

“Leave, then, this affair of yours in my hands, Mr. Kirwan, if you please, for three days. I promise you I shall arrange it to your satisfaction, and in a manner, probably, that will surprize you.”

The promise thus given by M'Cabe was faithfully fulfilled. Upon the evening of the third day that indefatigable partizan called upon Mr. Kirwan, and said to him :—

“ I told you, when I last saw you, that it was probable I should be able to surprize you. Look at that document. It is not one you would expect to find reaching you through my hands.”

Mr. Kirwan opened the paper, and, to his amazement, perceived that it bore the signature of ‘Castlereagh,’ and had impressed upon it the seal of the Secretary of State for Ireland. It was a Passport addressed to all persons in His Majesty’s service to allow John Kirwan, Esq., and his nephew, John Kirwan Williams, barrister-at-law; his ward, Agnes Arnold; one female, and two male servants, to travel from Wexford to Bristol, with the condition attached that ‘John Kirwan was not to leave Bristol, without express permission from one of the Secretaries of State in

England, or in obedience to an order from the Lord Chancellor, or one of the Chief Justices in Ireland.'

"How! in the name of all that is wonderful, comes such a document as this from the Secretary of State in Dublin, into the hands of one of the leading insurgents in Ireland?" exclaimed Mr. Kirwan, disposed to doubt even the evidence of his own senses.

"Very easily," answered McCabe, "nothing more easy. The whole system established for centuries in Ireland, is a system of *espionnage*. There are spies here from the Castle; and we have, on the other hand, our spies here communicating to us information. There are classes of spies: honest spies, that is men wishing to serve the cause for which they do most base service; dishonest spies, that is, men who for money are acting as spies on both parties—selling with like unprincipled impartiality the secrets of each to the

other. The consequence of this system is that neither we nor the Government have any secrets. The one knows the precise position of his adversary, and what he is about doing. For instance, I know the exact number of troops that are marching to over-run Wexford; and they, on the other side, are well aware of the dissensions that prevail amongst us, and how useful it is to themselves to let our contentions proceed so far, as to render a reconciliation between our leaders impossible; and, when our utter disunion is effected, then to come and crush us altogether with overwhelming numbers. Had there been no such spies and informers, my beloved friend, Lord Edward Fitzgerald would now be living—would now be the Commander-in-Chief of a great Irish army; and, instead of being cooped up, as we are in one small county, the green flag would, most probably, be floating over the captured battlements of Dublin Castle. Spies and trea-

chery, far more than the sword and cannon, have, at this crisis, ruined the cause of Irish nationality. Spies and treachery have already sent some of our best and bravest, our noblest and most disinterested leaders to the scaffold and an untimely grave. I forgive the English enemy—for it is against England I am battling—every thing but the perfidy with which they have conducted this conflict. For that perfidy, I swear eternal hatred against England, and never, never shall I abate in my animosity, nor lose an opportunity, be it small or great, of doing to its Government a mischief. It is my expectation I shall survive this struggle, because I have the power of assuming any character I please—of disguising my voice, of altering my appearance so completely, that even my most intimate friends cannot recognise me, until I choose to discover myself. As to my foes, I laugh at all their efforts to arrest me. I have

been already in the custody of Major Sirr, I have confronted O'Brien, and though I am known to both, much better than to you, yet I baffled them, and they let me go as a stranger. Nay, I have been in Dublin Castle surrounded with yeomen ; I have travelled in the same mail-coach with emissaries sent to arrest me ; and, on one occasion, I placed a letter in the hands of the Lord-Lieutenant whilst sitting in State in the throne room. Unless, then, I am struck down by a bullet in battle, I shall outlive these times ; and, if I do, be assured that I shall, though I stood alone, contrive unceasingly, to the last moment of my life, to injure England ; now, by fomenting insurrections in her manufacturing towns ; and then, by promoting disturbances amongst her agricultural population—and the English Government shall know I do this, and, though they may, through spies, trace my hand in all such doings, they shall never be able to arrest

me. Yes, as Hannibal swore on the altar of his country, never to make peace with the Romans, so did I swear upon the dead body of the truly noble Edward Fitzgerald never to be, for a day, at peace with England. My hatred against it is a personal hatred, and its intensity can only be equalled by the perfidy that excited it."

M'Cabe, generally a cold, calm, bantering, unimpassioned man, clenched his teeth, and struck the table at which he was sitting violently with his hand, as he uttered these words. And yet, they were not words spoken in a passion. They announced a fixed resolution which was unceasingly adhered to ; and, for nearly twenty years after the suppression of the Irish rebellion, and so long as William Putnam M'Cabe enjoyed health, and possessed the activity that distinguished him in his early years, there never was a movement of an insurrectionary character in England or Scotland, of which it was not

discovered by the Government (but always too late to arrest him) that it had been fomented by the presence of M'Cabe amongst the discontented working-classes.

This is an historical fact, and the records of the Home Office testify to its accuracy.

"I beg your pardon," said M'Cabe, recovering from the emotion, which for a moment had mastered him. "You asked me a question, and I foolishly began talking of myself. You asked me, how it was possible for me to procure this Pass? I answer, very easily. I heard of your conduct towards Abercrombie—a near and worthy relation of honest, plain-spoken General Ralph. I despatched one of our spies to Dublin, mentioning not as from me, but as from yourself, your precise position, and how he (Captain Abercrombie) could serve you. The reply to that message is the Captain procuring you this Pass from Lord Castlereagh. All then required in

addition to this is a Permission from our authorities in Wexford, for you to leave it. Here is that Permission, as regularly signed and sealed, you may perceive as my Lord Castlereagh's. Thus you are free to go. But how? That, too, has been thought of by me. You cannot go by land, because you would encounter United Irishmen, who, incapable of deciphering writing, can yet make a mark with a pike; or Orangemen, who, not knowing how to read, are very good shots; and so, between the two, it is probable you would not be alive four hours after you passed beyond the walls of Wexford. Then, as you cannot go by land, you must try and go direct by sea—first, because it is the shortest way to Bristol; and, next, because it only exposes you to one danger; and from that, I trust, you may escape."

"What danger can there be in travelling by sea," asked Mr. Kirwan. "The insurgents have

no ships, and the Pass is addressed to naval, as well as land, officers. No one in the King's service would presume to arrest a person protected by the signature of the Secretary of State."

"A very sensible remark, indeed," said M^cCabe, with a slight sneer at the unsophisticated simplicity of the old gentleman. "But then there are frequently found at sea, persons who have deadly weapons at their command, and are not indisposed to wield them, and yet have no commission from His Majesty to act as naval officers. Such persons might be employed to encounter you on your passage. And yet, even of these but slight apprehensions would be entertained by me, did I not know of the universal system of treachery which prevails in every department of Dublin Castle. That document, signed by Lord Castlereagh, had to pass through at least four different hands; and what I fear is that the fact was made known to Aide-de-Camp

James, in less than two hours after it was despatched to you. *There*, then, is the danger you have to apprehend. That man—your nephew—your most malignant enemy—has very powerful friends in the Castle. He is one of the heroes of the Orangemen, and these Orangemen, you ought to know, expect to share amongst them the estates of all persons they can charge, and get convicted of high treason—no matter how the conviction is brought about. You are not the only gentleman of your County against whom such a plot has been concocted. There, for instance, are Mr. Colclough and Mr. Grogan—men as adverse to the United Irish Society as yourself, and yet whose lives are jeopardized by these Orangemen, and their instruments—the spies of the Castle—for they are contriving every hour in the day how they may place both innocent men in such a position, as to have them recognized as leaders in the insurrection. Now,

Aide-de-Camp James is performing his part in this nefarious plot ; and if you can be got rid of, by fair or foul means, no matter how, with this charge of high treason still pending over you, there will then be a great effort made by his friends in both Houses—for he has, as an Orangeman, ‘ friends and brothers ’ in the Lords and Commons—and he may inherit your estate. Once possessor of such a property, he can easily shake himself free of the charge of ‘ murder ’ against him. Either silence his accusers by bribing, or have the witnesses against him executed as rebels, or—at the worst—he may be ‘ honorably acquitted ’ by a packed jury. Dangers, then, do threaten you. First, of being intercepted at sea ; afterwards, in Bristol—so long, in fact, as the existing disturbances can be perpetuated—that the law courts remain closed, and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act is maintained ”

"I see it all very plainly," observed Mr. Kirwan, "but then, what do you advise me to do?"

"To leave Wexford, as soon as you possibly can," replied M'Cabe. "The vessel, the 'William of Nassau,' still remains in the port of Wexford. Hire it for yourself alone."

"Yes, yes, I will do so this very hour," eagerly replied Mr. Kirwan.

"I felt so sure that such would be your decision, that before coming here, I spoke with the Captain, and told him you would pay, for a voyage in the vessel, the whole expenses—and I asked him when he could be prepared to take you. His reply was he would sail with the tide, at one o'clock in the afternoon tomorrow."

"How can I thank you for all your kindness," said the impulsive, warm-hearted Kirwan.

"Do not thank me at all," replied the unmoved and unimpassioned M'Cabe. "I am very

anxious you should escape these dangers, because you have done nothing to deserve such afflictions. Next—and I will be candid with you—my main reason for taking all this trouble about you is, I hope, thereby, to make you useful to the cause in which I am engaged, and to those principles for which I am ready to lay down my life. My expectation is that you will escape the dangers which threaten you; my hope is that afterwards you will be publicly tried on the charge of high treason—that, in that trial, your nephew will appear as the principal witness for the Crown, and that the cross-examination of your nephew by John Philpot Curran, will bring down upon James's patrons—the slayers of Lord Edward—the execration and the horror of mankind—shewing to the world what was the misconduct of the villains patronized by this Tory Government; and what, on the other hand, the character of the many noble and virtuous men they persecuted,

prosecuted, and put to death, whilst designating them 'rebels.' Do not thank me, then, for taking a personal interest in your affairs, when I avow there is another motive, stronger than any such interest, which has influenced me in interfering with them. And now, Mr. Kirwan, I take my leave of you. It would not be for your advantage that it became known you regarded me as a friend. I have but one word of warning to give you. Do not again stir abroad until you are going on board; and be sure that you, your nephew, and your servants are well armed; for you have arrayed against you an active, untiring, unscrupulous and powerful enemy. Farewell! farewell."

Mr. Kirwan and M'Cabe shook hands cordially with each other. They parted—never again to meet in this world.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUSPECTED STRANGER.

MR. KIRWAN, Agnes, John, Lucy, Tim Connolly, and the other two servants were on the following morning in the cabin of the "William of Nassau," a heavy-built, lumbering, slow-sailing, merchant-vessel. By going on board, at an early hour, they escaped the notice of that large class of intrusive idlers to be found in every sea-port, and whose sole amusement seems to consist in watching the arrival and departure of ships bearing passengers.

A strange scene was presented at that epoch by the port of Wexford. All trade had ceased—

commerce was at an end—and there was no appearance of any traffic. Even the fishing-boats lay idly on the shore—their crews had deserted them, and indicated the new employment to which they had devoted themselves by the long streamers of bright green which fluttered from every mast. There was, with the exception of the “William of Nassau,” not a merchantman to be seen, whilst the view to seaward was a perfect blank—nothing visible on the whole wide waste of waters, but one small, almost indistinct speck on the very verge of the horizon, and which those skilled in nautical matters suspected to be a revenue-cruizer—probably employed in watching whether the fishing-smacks would venture to sea, or, it might be to notify if any foreign vessels were approaching the port of Wexford, which now lay under the ban of rebellion.

It was not until the tide rose sufficiently high to move the ship from her moorings that Mr.

Kirwan, Agnes, John, and Lucy ventured to come up on deck and look around them.

They were thus engaged, whilst the "William of Nassau" was slowly drifting away from the shore, when Lucy pointed to two men in a boat that was passing them rapidly by, and in which both men were so eager in plying their oars as never once to turn their eyes towards the ship, and therefore were quite unconscious that they had themselves become objects of remark to those on board.

"Ah!" exclaimed Lucy starting, "there he is again!"

"Who?" cried in one breath, Agnes, John, and Mr. Kirwan.

"Wherever we go, he seems to follow us, and to bring misfortune along with him!" said Lucy, speaking to herself rather than answering the question put to her.

"Of whom are you speaking? Where

is the person to whom you allude?" asked Agnes.

"Do you see those two men rowing so fast out to sea?" said Lucy as she pointed to the boat which was now some way ahead of the ship.

"Yes—yes—What say you about them, Lucy?" asked Mr. Kirwan, as he thought of the warning given to him the day before by McCabe.

"One of them," said Lucy, "is the wicked man with the red hair, and the horrid eyes that we last saw on the Hill of Oulart, and to whom you, sir, I think gave some alms."

"Nonsense! nonsense! child!" replied Mr. Kirwan, "you forget the poor man had lost one of his eyes, and had besides a great long red beard."

"Oh! I know he had, sir," observed Lucy, "but that was only to disguise himself. I recognized him, however, at once as the villain who

used to deliver the anonymous letters at York, that I subsequently saw at the entrance of your park, and afterwards—the day you were arrested—noticed first in the dress of a soldier, and then as a rebel. It is, sir, I tell you the same frightful, ugly man—and I never saw him yet, that his appearance was not followed by some dreadful occurrence.”

“Lucy is a very shrewd, sensible girl,” remarked John, “and not likely to give way to unfounded apprehensions. This matter must be inquired into. ‘I say, Captain,’” continued John, addressing himself to the matter-of-fact Welshman, who commanded the vessel. “Do you see these two men in the boat there?”

“The two men in the boat for’ard?—yes sir,” replied the Captain.

“Are they sailors, or landsmen, think you?”

“First oar is a sailor, sir : second oarsman, not sir.”

“Where do you think they are going in such a hurry?”

“To sea, sir.”

“For what purpose?”

“To meet that there cursed cruiser,” which is, I see putting on all her sail to meet and take them up, sir.”

“Why do you call the cruiser, cursed,” Captain?”

“Because, I know nothing at all about her, sir. I cannot make out by no manner of means what is the cut of her jib. I have observed her dodging in and about the port, ever since yesterday morning. She is after some mischief; that I am sure on, sir. If she was in the King’s service, she would, before now, have shewn her colours and fired a shot at the town, just to prove her contempt for the rebels. She is not a rebellly craft either, or she would exhibit a bit of green somewhere about her. And—Ah! well

thought of. Jack ! I say—haul down that Russian flag. It passed for Irish because it was green, whilst we were in port ; but now that there is no chance of a shot from Wexford reaching us, we will have no more of such Tom-foolery. The only flag worth fighting for, sir, is that which Nelson shews at his mast-head when he is going in to give—— Frenchmen a licking.”

Nothing substantial could be made out of this by the fugitives ; but still there was sufficient to fill their minds with vague terrors—enough to compel them to sit hour after hour upon deck gazing upon the mysterious cruiser as it approached nearer and nearer—at one time pausing as if to take the two men on board—and then sweeping away for a couple of miles, and then circling round, without ever approaching the ship—seeming to them to be like a hawk, which conscious it can at any moment pounce down and tear to pieces the victim it has marked for destruc-

tion, purposely poises itself upon its wings, and as it lazily soars, observes the short, slow, trembling, fluttering, flight of the poor bird that will soon be panting within its talons.

So, for hours, watched the fugitives on the deck of the 'William of Nassau,' as it heavily and tediously ploughed on its way. So watched they, as the cowering sparrows watch the distant, high-flying hawk, poising itself on its fearful wide-spread wings—so watched they the mysterious, fast-sailing, suspicious-looking cutter as it hovered about—skimming the waters in its rapid career, and as if disporting itself in the fleetness of its course, and the untiring agility of its movements.

For hour after hour did the fugitives thus watch—the women pale with terror, and the men anxious too; although they held weapons of death in their hands, and were determined to use them.

Thus watched they on the deck of the slow ship the agile movements of the suspected

stranger, their eyes untiringly fixed upon it, until—an unexpected incident occurred; the causes for which it is necessary to explain, before the attempt at describing it is made.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNEXPECTED INCIDENT.

LUCY was correct in affirming that one of the two men in the boat that had rowed past so quickly was “the wicked man with the red hair,” that is, Ned Reddy—“the Red Spy”—and so profoundly was he immersed in his own thoughts, that he never noticed the ‘William of Nassau,’ nor its passengers.

“What,” said Ned Reddy to himself, “what the dickens can be now wanted with me? They send me word it is on the business of Under-Secretary Cooke, and therefore I dare not refuse going—because they would stop my good pay of

three guineas a day, and travelling expenses, another clear guinea at the least; and then—out of revenge!—may be, they would hang me—or, what is worse, let it out amongst the people here that I am a ‘spy,’ and so have me piked to death by inches—and, from all I have seen, I believe from the way they screech, the creatures! whilst the rebels are piking them, it must be the most unpleasant way in the world, of bidding good bye to a mortals’ existence. Aye! that is the very death that Secretary Cooke would give me—at least; I would not put it past him—if I refused doing as he ordered me.

“I wonder what can it be for at all! Whatever it is I would much rather be left out of it. There I was going on quite comfortably. Making money as fast as I could pick it up. Sending the news up to Dublin against the gentlemen that turned rebels—that is to be so much reward for myself on the head of every one that lives to be

hanged, and has not gone through his property before such an ugly accident overtakes him. And then looking on at the fighting, and seeing the gentlemen that would not turn rebels, piked on the field of battle, and then making myself heir to every one of them, and taking all the money and valuables I could find in their pockets. Why, I am sure, I have more than a thousand pounds worth of property by this time hidden in one place or another, in holes, and hedges, and hollow trees, that when all this scrimmage is over, I can go and scratch up again, and nobody ever the wiser. Why, I have made as much—aye, and more—than if I took that villain, Master James's promissory note for murdering the poor old widow Kinchela. Well! it was very good of me not to commit that murder, at any rate. It is few good things I ever did; but if refusing a thousand pounds for murdering an old woman is not an act of virtue; or, at least, next door to one, I

do'nt know what virtue or goodness really can be. There is many a man, I be bail you, that preaches the Gospel, as they call it, and that would never think of putting his holy hands into his pious pockets to keep the life in an old woman that was a stranger to him ; and yet, here am I, Ned Reddy, the Red Spy, that turned so much good money away from me to keep the life in a widow—for it was all as one, as doing so, refusing with my own hands to squeeze the soul out of her. Yes—that at all events was one good action I did—and signs on it ! I have been rewarded for it ; for I have since found as much money in dead Orangemen's pockets and purses, as makes me no loser by the transaction. So that, as far as that business goes, my conscience is clear and my purse is not empty.

“ But still, and all, the old bothering thought comes back to me. Why should the Secretary Cooke send for me ? Why take me away from

my occupation? Am n't I doing my business beautifully? What fault can be found with me? What mad, stupid, wicked, or mischievous thing can be said, done, or proposed in the town yonder, that I am not at the head or the tail of it? Have I not been amongst the loudest of screechers, and the most vociferous of bawlers in support of every crack-brained speech-maker who denounces Bagenal Harvey as 'a drunkard,' and swears that Father Roche 'has the castle-money in his pocket,' because he will not allow a Protestant woman to be insulted; or who vows that Father Murphy is 'a half-renegade,' because he will not tolerate the massacre of every soldier who is made a prisoner? Have I not been supporting every man, and every thing calculated to disgust every person of good feeling with the rebel cause, and to drive them away in despair from its ranks! Have I not been stirring up, so far as I could, factions; and have I not been doing my best to promote dissen-

sions amongst the insurgents? And yet, at the very moment, that I am doing all this for my paymasters, Secretary Cooke sends for me!

“Ah! then, what in the world does he want with me?

“By the Powders! now I think of it—may be, I have been over-doing my work! may be—I have been doing more than I ought. I have often heard it said the rebels had friends in the Castle itself; and may be, they wish—to get rid of me! And I am now sent for to be quietly put out of the way!—hanged, or shot perhaps on board the ship, and—so no more heard of me! This I am sure of—there would be a great many dry eyes after me. And then, if they did do that, who is there to go up to the Castle-gate, and say to the sentries on guard—‘Ah! then, please your honours, where is Ned Reddy, or what is become of him, or where is he at all, that we never see him now taking the froth off a

pot, or the head off a naggin with his old comrades, Jemmy O'Brien, Colonel Beresford, or Major Sirr?' Who would say *that*, I'd like to know? Oh! not one single, individual being in the whole universe! Ned Reddy has no one on earth to take care of him, but himself, and now—to provide against accidents. I say Peter Quin!" said Reddy addressing himself to his fellow oarsman.

"I'm listening to you," said the boatman.

"Peter Quin, you are an honest man," remarked Reddy.

"God knows that!" was the equivocal reply of Peter Quin.

"Peter Quin, you are no schemer," said Reddy.

"Don't be too sure of that," drily replied Quin.

"Don't answer me so gruff, Peter Quin," coaxingly remarked Reddy, "for I know you are an honest man."

“Well! that is more than the world says of you, Ned Reddy,” answered the boatman.

“And what does the world say of me?” asked Reddy.

“That you haven’t much money,” replied Quin; “but that comparing your honesty with your money, the world says you are as rich as Agar the miser.”

“Then I am badly spoken of,” said Reddy.

“The devil a one worse—at least, that I ever heard tell of,” was the candid reply of Quin.

“Then, if by any trick or scheme I was to be quietly got rid of—you know what I mean?” hesitatingly asked Reddy.

“To be sure I do—quietly murdered—choked in the dark—shot in a corner,” answered Quin.

“Yes—well, if that was to happen to me—what do you think would the people say?” asked Reddy.

"That you got your deserts—that you met with what you were long earning—that whoever did it served you right," answered the imperturbable, plain-spoken Quin.

"I believe you say the truth," said Reddy, as he rested on his oar.

"Never told a lie in my life," answered Quin, as he held his oar out of the water.

"Then Peter, if there was such a scheme on foot, at this moment, would you help the schemers or help me!" asked Reddy.

"You, to be sure—if you mean the scheme was to be carried on whilst you were in my company: if not, I would have nothing to do with you—one way or another," said Quin.

"Fairly answered," remarked Reddy. "Now listen to me."

"I am listening to you. Go on Ned Reddy. No need in beating about the bush with me. Say bluntly what you want me to do, and, on

the instant. I will say 'ay' or 'no'—just whatever I mean—be it for, or against you. Better speak plain, however, Ned Reddy, for you have the character of being one of the cunningest thieves that ever broke the bread of life," growled Quin, as he watched the water falling in streams from his oar, as he dipped it into the sea, and then slowly elevated it along the boat's side.

"Listen quietly and patiently," said Reddy in a solemn tone of voice to the impassable boatman, "for on the words I now say to you, the safety of my life may depend. Since I came into this boat—indeed, I may say—only within the last twenty minutes did it occur to me that I might have been sent for to go on board the cutter out there, for the purpose of being murdered. Now, this suspicion of mine may be only a foolish notion of my own; and, very probably, it is so. But if it is not—I have a keen

eye, and would soon see if anything that way was intended, and if I did—I would be over the ship's side in one minute and—into your boat.”

“And into my boat! Never a foot! Ned Reddy,” replied Peter Quin. “What good would your coming into my boat do you, but to get me murdered along with you? And a pretty way that would be of ending my days! Why, my corpse would be a disgrace to my family, if it was said that the life had been knocked out of it, in trying to save one of the biggest vagabonds in existence. If that is what you want me to do—I won't do it for you, Mister Ned Reddy.”

“That is not what I want you to do for me,” replied Reddy. “I know as well as you do that a revenue cruiser could overtake a row-boat in a minute. Listen to me, I say, Peter Quin. I want you the moment I leave your boat to row away as hard as you can.”

“I am safe in promising to do that for you

—and as straight as I can back for Wexford.” replied Quin.

“Exactly so,” continued Reddy. “I want you when you are about a mile from the cutter to stop for me.”

“Eh?” said Quin.

“Botheration to you! Can’t you listen quietly?” cried Reddy impatiently. “When the men on board the cutter see you rowing off as hard as you can back to Wexford, it will never occur to them you intend stopping on the road; and at a mile from them in this little boat you would never be noticed, unless they were searching out for you, with a telescope. Keep your boat, as near as you can, in a straight line with the Church of Wexford. Very well then—what I will do is this. If I have to jump out of the cutter, I can dive like a duck, and swim like a fish, and I defy them, once I am in the sea, to know whether or not I ever rise to the surface.

It would be easier to shoot a sea-gull or a snipe than to hit me, for I know more of the arts of man than a stupid bird. Now—see then! all I want you to do is—to wait for me an hour-and-a-half—say, at the most, two hours. At the end of that time give me up! I either won't want to go back to you, or I can't get back to you, and so—you may return without me. But in case I do want you, and do make use of your boat, I will give you ten guineas on landing. Is not that fair?"

"Very fairly promised!" drily replied Peter Quin. "Have you any money about you now?"

"Not as much as you would put in your eye with an awl," replied Reddy.

"Well! then, I must be something the better of you," said Quin. "Give me that bottle of whiskey. If they kill you, you will never have time to drink it; and if they don't want to kill you, you will have a hearty welcome into the

cutter, and get there as much spirits as you wish to drink, and can't therefore be in want of it. Whereas, if I have it, so much the better for you ; for it will help me to pass away my time, and not to mind waiting for you."

"There it is, and welcome ! Peter Quin !" said Reddy. "We understand each other. Don't we ?"

"Does a duck know how to swim ?" was the reply of Quin, which, however apparently unintelligible, seemed perfectly satisfactory to Reddy, who did not again revert to the subject.

In less than an hour afterwards Reddy was received on board the fast-sailing cutter, and saw with great satisfaction, Quin, as he had suggested, sculling vigourously back in a direct line for the port of Wexford.

"Mr. Reddy, you are heartily welcome !" said a very tall, strong-built, ruffianly-looking man, in the blue jacket and trowsers of a sailor in

the King's fleet, "the master is in the cabin, and wishes to speak with you."

"And who is the master?" asked Reddy.

"Captain Williams, aide-de-camp to his Excellency," answered the sailor.

"Oh! oh! I see what it is! Somebody else's life is in danger," thought Reddy. "I was only frightening myself for nothing. Bad 'cess to that Peter Quin; he is a bottle of whiskey the better of my fright, which otherwise I never would have given him. However, he will earn it, waiting for me; and I dare say I can get as good or better here. They say, there is all sorts of the finest spirits on board revenue cruisers, and the King's war ships."

Reddy, thus musing to himself, was conducted into a cabin, or store-room (for there were several small casks in it), where he found Captain Williams alone, seated at a table, and four black bottles with glasses before him.

Reddy rubbed his hands with delight, when he perceived the black bottles. "I am heartily glad to see you, Master James! It's you that knows how to welcome an old friend. I'll engage there is not a drop of cold water in one of these jolly, good-natured-looking bottles."

"Indeed! There is not, Reddy. Knowing your taste for those things I have ordered four different kinds of drink for you. First whiskey."

"The king of spirits!" said Reddy. "The art of man can make nothing to equal it."

"Second, rum."

"Oh! I have tasted it, once or twice—but all the good I ever found in it was that it gave you a greater relish for another glass of whiskey."

"But this is thirty years old—you never tasted anything like it."

"May be not—but I will give it something that is not common in these days, and that is a *fair trial*. What is the third?"

“Brandy.”

“Oh! that is a drink for murder. I won’t touch it, unless there is something very wicked, or very desperate to be done. What is the fourth?”

“Hollands, or Geneva. It is called by both names.”

“Something like that abomination!—English gin?”

“No—this is what the English gin is a bad imitation of. What will you begin with?”

“I always like to begin with my old friends. The last thing I intend to taste is the Geneva.”

“Very well. Be it so. I shall act as your drawer,” said Captain Williams, as he drew the cork of the whiskey-bottle, and filling out a full glass for Reddy handed it to him, and then drawing the cork of the brandy bottle, he filled a glass for himself, and said, “Come, Reddy!—

take your favourite tippie, whilst I still adhere to mine. Your health, my 'Trojan ! ”

“ And your's too, Master James. By Gogsty ! but the marks of the old woman's nails are nearly gone away from you. When I saw you last your face was like a gridiron, and now it only looks as if some one had been putting little lines in chalk upon it. You are hardly altered.”

“ I have something else than that affair to talk to you about,” said Williams. “ Come !—drink man ! We have the day before us, and we can chat on business, as well drinking as not.”

“ That is, as the case may be,” said Reddy. “ But come, out with it, at once. What is the something else we have to talk about ? ”

“ I have now, I may say,” said Williams exultingly, “ attained all my wishes. I have now my uncle, my half-brother, and Agnes Arnold within my power. I have but to hold out my hand, and I can strike the two first dead—dead !—aye,

dead on the spot!—carry off Agnes, and be married to her to-morrow. And that is not all, Reddy, my old fellow! if you still have a fancy for the maid Lucy I shall force her to marry you—at the same place and time that I make Agnes, my wife.”

“Ah! Master James,” said Reddy, “you are either humbugging me, or that is not the first bottle of brandy you have uncorked this morning; and though you look to be sober, you must be roaring drunk. What is the meaning of talking such *raumush* to me? Mr. Kirwan? his nephew! Miss Arnold! and—the wax-dolly too in your power! Did’nt you say I might have the wax-dolly girl for a wife?”

“I did,” replied the triumphant Williams. “I did, and—see Reddy! Look through that window! Do you observe that heavy, rolling, tub of a ship, that is sailing at the rate of about four miles an hour?”

“Yes, Master James, I see that ship, sure enough.”

“Very well, then Reddy. On board that ship, at this moment, are old Kirwan, brother John, *my* Agnes, and *your* Lucy. I have only to give the word of command, and we are on board of them in less than an hour, and all are my prisoners.”

“There are more than two words to be said about that, Master James,” coldly remarked Reddy. “First, and foremost, the wax-doll is a beautiful girl; and the like of her, I think does not walk on the face of the globe for—beauty. And how you, Master James, when you can choose between the two—Miss Agnes and Lucy—should prefer the one with the black hair and black eyes, they being as common as ditch-water in Wexford—and not run mad after the other, that has eyes like diamonds, cheeks like roses, and hair that seems to be made up of sun-beams—how you

could run after the one, and leave the other, would be incomprehensible to me, only that Miss Agnes has a fortune, and Lucy, I suppose, has not as much money as would jingle on a tombstone. But, be that as it may, first and foremost I say, the wax-doll is none of my girl."

"What do you mean?" said Williams, evidently alike surprised and chagrined by this unexpected declaration. "I thought, you said you were in love with Lucy."

"And so I am, Master James," replied Reddy. "Mad in love with her! for she is the only girl I ever saw that I would wish to be married to—but, still and all I repeat it—she is none of my girl. I saw her, and she saw me; and as we exchanged glances with one another, I felt that she knew me, and had seen me before, and her eyes said as plainly to me, as if I heard the words coming out of her mouth:—'Get out of my sight! you monster of ugliness; for of all the ill-

looking scoundrels, my two good eyes ever looked upon, you are the most abominable, and most detestable ! ”

“ Nonsense ! folly ! ” said Williams. “ A drunken fancy of yours Reddy. You *must* have the girl.”

“ It is no nonsense, and no folly, and no drunken fancy of mine,” replied Reddy gravely and angrily. “ I am a poor man—or, rather, indeed, I ought to say, considering my past life, a poor rascal, or if you like to add to it, a poor villain, but still and all I won’t do what I see rich rascals and rich villains do every day. I won’t, for the sake of money, either murder an old woman, nor marry a young one, that I am sure hates the very ground I walk on.”

Captain Williams was not merely insulted by this speech of Reddy’s ; but a dark frown gathered on his brows, and he could not, for the moment, restrain the expression of rage that was burning

within him ; because this unlooked-for declaration from the Red-Spy materially interfered with the management and carrying out of the plan he had projected.

Reddy saw he had vexed the Captain ; but evidently did not care for the pain he inflicted, as he filled out a second glass, and nodding familiarly across the table, said :—

“ Master James, if you did everything as well as you choose your spirits you would be a perfect character.”

“ Oh ! nonsense ! ” said the Captain filling out a glass of brandy, and drinking it off at once, “ Let us talk of business. So ! as I understand you, Reddy. you have abandoned all notions of having the lovely Lucy, as your wife, even though I should give her a fortune.”

“ I would not,” said Reddy, “ marry a girl, that I did not think would ever like me—I wouldn’t marry her—no—though she was decked

out in diamonds. And now, Master James, having talked so much on that point, which I have put first and foremost, because it is the one I think the most about; we come next to your taking all these people prisoners out of that ship. Now, there again, I say is a thing not so easily done as said. Old Mr. Kirwan though as quiet as a lamb, will fight like a lion when provoked to it; and as to Master John, he has already shewn that it is not the sight of a gun, a sword, nor a blunderbuss can frighten him, and then there is Tim Connolly that powdered your back for you already. He is a sure shot; and then there are besides the two other men, who have pistols, and will surely use them—and how you are to take all these prisoners, without fighting I don't perceive; and then—if there is fighting, then who is to go and get themselves shot for you, I do not know; but I had rather not—if it is all the same to you, Master James."

“Humph!” thought Captain Williams to himself, I am prepared to make short work with this fellow. “One trial more decides his fate.” He turned with a smiling face to the Red Spy, as he said:—“I know as well as you do, Ned Reddy, that brother John, and my uncle Kirwan would fight, and I expect Connolly and the other servants would imitate their example, in case I acted the part of a pirate, and attempted to take them prisoners by boarding their ship. I am as well aware as you, that there is no means of insuring a man’s life against a chance bullet. I am no fool I can tell you.”

“Oh! Master James!—no—not at all! I never thought you were. I never even heard of any one who said ‘you were more fool than knave.’”

“Come, Reddy! take your whiskey!—and listen to me. I intend to have Mr. Kirwan and all the persons with him prisoners on board this

vessel, before night-fall; and all this—without fighting.”

“You do! Why, then, Master James, you must be what I never thought you to be—a magician! for how you are to do that, without witchcraft, I cannot imagine.”

“Oh! I am no fool, I can tell you,” repeated Captain Williams, as he filled out, and drank off another glass of brandy.

“Don’t do that again, Master James.”

“Do what, Reddy?”

“Drink so much brandy.”

“Why not, Ned?”

“For two reasons, Master James. First, I know, as well as if I was standing inside of you, that you—generally so sober—would never drink brandy off so quickly, if you had not some awful, cruel plot going on in your head—and were trying to put strength into yourself to execute it. Well, if you have any such plot, I cannot help you.

But then, the next piece of advice I have to give you is, if you intend to do a bad deed some hours hence, the brandy you are now taking will so stupify you, that when the time comes for work, you will not be fit for anything."

"Thank you, Reddy, for the hint. I always found you a friendly assistant, no matter what I was trying to do."

"Not a doubt of it, Master James. But now for the taking Mr. Kirwan and his family prisoners without striking a blow! By the powders! that beats all the odd notions ever I heard of!"

"Nothing odd in it, at all, Ned. My uncle has ventured out of Wexford, and is now on his way to Bristol, protected by a Pass from Lord Castlereagh."

"Well!" said Reddy. "Sure that makes your task the harder!"

"No—Ned—easier—a great deal easier. That Pass contains an exception; and it is to the

effect—that he is to surrender himself a prisoner to a Warrant signed by the Lord Chancellor, or any one of the Chief Justices. I have got such a Warrant.”

“A real Warrant? Is it?” asked Reddy.

“No matter for that,” answered the Captain. “Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies. Now, Reddy, before I tell you my plan, I want to make a bargain with you. If, when you know what it is, you are disposed to aid me, you must ask me for ‘a glass of Hollands;’ and if you will not do so, then you will ask and take a glass of rum from me. And with that—we shall either lay out the best mode of carrying on my plan together; or—we will never talk another word on the same subject. What say you?”

“That is a fair and friendly offer,” observed Reddy. “And it is an elegant and convenient way of accepting or refusing an offer. ‘*Hollands*’ means ‘yes,’ and ‘*Rum*’ means ‘no,’ and both

a good glass ! By Dad ! it is cleverer, and cleverer you are getting every day, Master James."

"I intend," said Captain Williams, "not to appear in this affair at all; and therefore will wait until night-fall, before we stop the ship, which we can at once do, by shewing the royal-flag, and firing a gun. Then, the man that met you coming on board—an old smuggler (as well as the rest of the crew), will present himself on the deck of the 'William of Nassau,' as a Commander in His Majesty's service, and claim from the Ship-Captain the body of John Kirwan, as a person charged with High Treason, for so my Warrant describes him, and all those in his company, as 'aiding and assisting such a person to escape !' My wish (as it always was my intention) is that you should go disguised with this man, because you know by sight Mr. Kirwan, John, Agnes, Lucy, and the other servants. Now, part of my plan is that no one with Mr. Kirwan should be allowed to escape,

and tell what has become of him. The Captain of the 'William of Nassau,' will, of course, submit to the Warrant. My uncle dare not, in his circumstances, disobey it. All will then be quietly—without a struggle—put on board here. Agnes and Lucy will occupy this cabin. Separate cabins are already provided, and prepared too, for my uncle and half-brother. The servants will be confined as prisoners in the hold. I shall have them tried the day after to-morrow by a drum-head court-martial in Beresford's Riding House as 'fugitive rebels taken on the coast of Wexford,' and hung in ten minutes afterwards in Marlborough Green. Agnes, at the same time, shall have—if you will take Lucy—lodgings provided for her with that pretty girl in French-street; and if you refuse Lucy, then she shall be handed over to Hepenstall. What do you think of that plan, Reddy? Is it not certain I shall succeed in it without striking a blow?"

"But your uncle and your half-brother?"

remarked Reddy. "You have not said what is to become of them."

"Cabins, I have said, are already provided for them," coolly replied Captain James X.A.D.C. "These cabins are closely, tightly boarded. No air can well get in or out of them. Both will be supplied with charcoal fires; and there is a chance that both prisoners will be found dead in their beds next morning. What say you," said the Captain as he drank off another glass of brandy. "What say you, Reddy? *hollands* or—*rum*?"

"Oh! well!—That I may never!—of all the—!" stammered forth the Red Spy, absolutely confounded, by the cold-blooded deliberate wickedness of his companion. "Oh! rum! rum! *rum*! Not one glass, but two glasses of rum! half a tumbler of rum, sooner than have any hand, act, or part in such a business as that?"

The Captain stooped under the table, as if he were labouring hard to uncork the rum-bottle.

“I told you, Reddy,” said he, talking to occupy the attention of his companion, whilst his fingers were busy beneath the table in manipulating the neck of the bottle. “I told you Ned—this rum was thirty years old—and the best proof one can have of its great age, is the difficulty one experiences in getting the cork out: it seems as if glass and stopper had become one substance—and yet—I am a smart hand enough at such work—Heigh! ha! I guessed I would at last succeed. There it is Ned. There is a tumbler—not a glass for you. Do you see how the generous liquor pours out like oil?”

“By Dad! Master James—but it is very tempting-looking stuff. What a beauty it is! when you gaze at it through the light.”

“The very colour of rubies, Ned. But do not waste your time in looking at it. Try it, man. There is not the same as that to be found on the

Lord-Lieutenant's table. It is very improbable that you will ever have another opportunity of drinking anything like it."

"I dare say not," said Reddy. "Here's to you, Master James!" added the Red Spy, as he swallowed down a half-tumbler of rum.

The Captain with an unmoved eye, and unshaken nerve watched his victim swallowing a death-potion. "There!" thought he, "goes away in the drunkard's glass all remembrance of the widow Kinchela's murder. There is silenced for ever the only voice that could proclaim my guilt, and was always jibing me about it. What say you, Ned?" added the Captain again addressing the Red Spy. "Is not that stuff such as you never tasted before?"

"Oh! it warms a man's heart, almost equal to the best Irish spirits; and then it has, what the whiskey has not, such a sugary taste of some delicious fruit upon it. Faith! Master James,

such drink as that would put any man in good humour ; although—between ourselves—it is very hard for a person to be jocose, after hearing all about that desperate plan of yours. You are not vexed with me, I hope, because I would have nothing to do with it.”

“I never intend to speak to you again on the subject. You have kept your promise in drinking the rum. I shall keep mine,” calmly replied the Captain.

“That is right ! that is right Master James—for I could not do it. There was a time—it is not long since—and I fancied there was no possible sort of wickedness that the Old Boy himself could invent; that I would not, for the sake of money, be ready to execute. But I find I was wrong, Master James ; for there is a wickedness I cannot come up to ; and now that you are thinking of it, I am not at all surprised, at your drinking so much brandy. Without the brandy

even you—aye—even you, Master James, could never execute it—and that is to murder John Kirwan—to spill the blood of your benefactor—of your father's brother—of the brave good man, who never yet did harm to man, woman, or child—the rich man, who is always thinking of the poor, and how he can help and relieve them, just as if he was born a poor man himself, and had only the care of his own riches, not to make use of them himself, but to give them away to all that wanted them. Oh!—by the powders!—I could sooner murder Widow Kinchela twenty times over, than lay a hard hand upon John Kirwan. I tried it once—and I missed him—no wonder!—for I felt my hand trembling like an aspen leaf when I fired. I tried it twice. Again (to oblige and serve you, Master James) my hand was upon the same pistol—and I asked him for charity—a bit of silver—and he—thinking I was an old blind beggar—gave me gold! He did, indeed,

— and — and — and after that to think of — mass— a — creeing him—Augh! — what the dickens is coming over me, that I should be —Augh—yawning at this time of—the day. Isn't it curious?" said the Red Spy, with an imbecile smile in the face of his companion.

Captain Williams looked with a firm countenance upon the first efforts of the wretch, who felt gathering around his faculties the numbing meshes of that fatal net which would speedily enshroud them in never ending slumber.

"Perhaps you have been drinking too much," replied the Captain.

"Drinking too much! I have not drunk three half-pints taken altogether since the morning," observed Reddy. "And twice that quantity might make me frisky—but four times that ought not to make me sleepy. But, no matter! I wanted to speak to you about John Kirwan—I had, as I was saying, my hand upon the pistol

determined—to put a bull—et in—his heart—when—that I may never drink an—other drop of—spirits—but—but—but——.”

Reddy's head dropped as if a heavy sleep was falling upon him; and the Captain rose gently and noiselessly from his seat, stepped on tip-toe out of the cabin, softly locked the door on the outside—and pulled three heavy bars across it.

The practised ear of Reddy caught the sound of the key clicking in the lock, and his slumber was dispelled. He started up, looked around him—observed that he was alone; and then heard the grating of the iron bars that closed the door upon him—for ever!

“What is this? What is this?” exclaimed Reddy, his terror for the moment restoring to him the full possession of his nerves and strength. “Alone! the door locked upon me! then bolted and barred!—as if they intended to keep me

here for a long time!—not as a prisoner—no—no—but till they kill me!

“Kill me! *How* kill me?”

Reddy started from his chair, and a sudden dizziness in the head seized upon, and compelled him to sit down to save himself from falling.

He looked wildly about, and as he did so, he felt as if the whole room was whirling around him! that the table was rising before him, as if its plain, hard surface was swelling like billows in the ocean! He closed his eyes, struggling to overcome the sickening sensation which this incessant and uneasy motion gave him; and as he did so, he found a numbing sleep again coming upon him.”

“Ah!” he cried, “I am all as one, as if I was drunk! dead drunk! Ha! I see what it is! I am poisoned! poisoned! by the villain, Master James, and he—has escaped!”

“He that poisoned me—to escape!”

“No—no—no. I will not die unavenged. I will creep—creep—creep—aye, though I should creep on my hands—though I licked the dust every inch I went—I will creep, creep—crawl—aye—crawl—every step of the way from this to the powder-cask over there !

“Ah ! ha ! the villain forgot that—he forgot that—and there it is—not a yard and a half from me !

“Ned ! Ned ! poisoned Ned Reddy—let yourself down easy on the floor. There ! Well done ! No noise, poisoned Ned !—no noise—for one half minute and then—they will hear about me ! Yes—my eyes are swimming—the chairs are dancing, and the powder-cask is jumping—I’ll soon make it jump higher !—I am within a foot of it now. Oh ! for a half-second more ! Oh ! I am dying—dying—there is a cold perspiration bursting out of me—I am dying ! shall I ever get to the powder-cask ?

“ Ah ! Ha !—I have it—now !—now !—one last effort to pull the pistol-trigger, and then—to take such a rise out of Master James ! There they go !——.”

Ned Reddy held the muzzle of his pistol as he spoke to the side of a barrel filled with gun-powder, and—fired into it !

*	*	*	*	*	*
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The fugitives on board the ‘ William of Nassau,’ had, meanwhile their eyes fixed upon the strange, suspicious-looking vessel. Hour after hour had they gazed upon it—scudding with bird-like speed across the waters—now nearing, and then moving away, and then sweeping in a wide circle around, but never coming closer than a mile to them.

And as they thus watched its movements, the cutter seemed to transform itself into one dazzling

glare of upshooting light ; and then, as a roar of artillery, or rather the deafening burst of heavily-charged thunder-clouds crashed with a stunning noise in their ears, that made them start in terror to their feet, the light had vanished, and a heavy mountain, as of smoke, rose from the surface of the sea, and a part elongating itself as it ascended into a thick pillar of curling, wavy fumes, at last scattered away over the firmament in clouds of ashey grey.

The mountain of smoke rolled upward and upward, or clung lazily for a time to the heaving billows, and then dissolved into particles of mist.

The swift-sailing, long-feared cutter had disappeared ! Not a vestige of it was to be seen ! It had vanished as completely as if it never had been !

The awful explosion was followed by a dead silence of many minutes on board the ‘ William of Nassau.’

That silence was at length broken by the loud voice of the lazy ship's energetic captain, who exclaimed :—

“The cursed cutter is blown to hell ! And I am right down glad of it ; for she meant—I am sure on it—to do us a mischief. No matter for that, we must try and see if any one has escaped, and lend him a hand, though he be the devil himself. A man in the water, and on the look out for a boat is always entitled to be treated as a friend, even though--aye—even though he be a Frenchman.”

With this benevolent intention, the Captain of the ‘ William of Nassau,’ sailed to the spot where the cutter had been last seen.

All was still !—completely — awfully still ! Nothing to be heard or seen but the splashing of the waves as they rolled over the shattered, blackened fragments of a mast.

“The vessel must have been laden with pow-

der, for everything has disappeared !” exclaimed the Captain of the ‘ William of Nassau.’ “ They are all gone ! Every mother’s soul of them down in ‘ Davy’s Locker,’ and never to be seen more till the Day of Judgment ! ”

CHAPTER IX.

A MONOLOGUE.

THERE was one other person besides those on board the “William of Nassau” whose eyes were fixed on the cutter, at the moment it was blown up by the fatal shot of the dying Ned Reddy. That other person was Peter Quin, the Wexford boatman.

“Well ! well ! well !” said Peter, as he looked at the cutter, “but that Ned Reddy is a fine judge of whiskey ! There is no man, I believe, no matter how bad he may be, who has not one good quality in him—and *here* is Ned Reddy’s virtue—to get the full value of whatever money he invests in Irish spirits.

“There ! I have made an hour-glass of his bottle, and I have got so close to the bottom, that I think his time must be just up, because the whiskey is nearly drank. However, I will give him full measure and a *doch and dhurru* in too—for though he is, I believe, as big a rascal as ever lived, still he can talk fine patriotic sentiments as glibly, as if he was a lawyer ; and he sings a rebelly-ballad in such a way, as would tempt any one that listened, and was fool enough to believe him in earnest, to hammer out a pike-head and use it.

“Oh ! murder ! I wish I could equal him in that song he chaunted last night on the bridge about the battle of Oulart-hill. Here are the words. A cheap bargain for a halfpenny. As I have nothing else to do but to watch the cutter I may as well try them. Practice, they say, makes perfect—

“ On Oulart-hill, our flag we rais’d

Its verdant hue, the bright green-grass, ma’am,
The Orangemen, they stood amaz’d

To see our mien, so dauntless bold, ma’am.

‘ Come down,’ they said, ‘ ye rebelly crew,

‘ Come down,’ I tell you once for all ma’am,

‘ Come down,’ or we’ll shoot you through and
through,

‘ With powder-flask, and many a ball, ma’am.’

‘ Ye yeomen in your coats so red,

‘ Don’t be with us so very fierce, ma’am,

‘ Because, as yet, we’re not all dead

‘ But can use our pikes with might and main
ma’am.’

They stepp’d out once, they stepp’d out twice,

Resolv’d to kill and slay us all, ma’am,

But soon we made ’em squeal like mice,

And the rest, to run away, ma’am.

Good Father Murphy then he said—”

“ Oh !” screeched Peter Quin, suddenly

stopping in his song. There *is* a blow up! *Blewn* into a hundred thousand millions of sparables every bit of the beautiful cutter! Laws! laws! I can see fragments in the clouds! human creatures with souls in their bodies up as high and appear as little in the air as so many sky-larks.

“ Well! Ned Reddy—you were right—they *did* mean you harm—and, as you could not get out of the ship to me—by Dad!—you sent them all out of it along with yourself, in a real hurry!

“ Well! well! Ned—the last thing you did was not the worst thing you ever thought of. In slaughtering so many blackguards as well as yourself in the revenue-cruizer, you have left King George a few less villains to serve him, and have done to your country—not a bit of harm!

“ Fair weather after you, Ned Reddy! You sung a jolly song, you were a fair judge in the way of drink, and you ended all by blowing up a ship full of guagers!

“ Ah ! then, Ned Reddy, they may say what they like of you now that you are dead and gone ; but still I will always maintain it to be quite possible that there might be found a few a great deal worse than ever you were ! ”

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

WITH the death of Captain James Kirwan Williams, the troubles of Mr. Kirwan were at an end; and those who previously had connived at his persecution were glad to have their misdeeds forgiven, by coöperating with his friends in restoring him to his former position.

A few months after the insurrection had been quelled, Mr. Kirwan, with the full approbation of Lord Cornwallis, the new Lord-Lieutenant, returned to Abbeylawn. He employed his wealth in mitigating the evils that overwhelmed his poorer neighbours in consequence of the rebellion.

He thus lived many years untiring in his charity, and unceasing in his study of Thomas à-Kempis. A modern poet must have had some such model as John Kirwan before him, when he penned the following lines :—

“ Old age is honorable. The spirit seems
Already on its flight to brighter worlds ;
And that strange change, which men miscall
 decay,
Is renovated life. The feeble voice
With which the soul attempts to speak its meanings
Is, like the skylark’s note, heard feeblest when
Its wing soars highest ; and those hoary signs,
Those white and reverend locks, which move the
 scorn
Of thoughtless ribalds, seem to me like snow
Upon an Alpine summit—only proving
How near it is to Heaven.”

John Kirwan lived to see his beloved ward

and his favorite nephew the happy parents of a numerous family.

As to Lucy, she was married to Kinchela the same day on which Agnes gave her hand to her hero and champion, Kirwan Williams. In her whole married life, Lucy had but one affliction—all her children, girls and boys alike, spoke with what she considered and denounced as—"a horrid, broad, vulgar, flat, Wexford Irish, accent or brogue."

Of the other characters introduced into this tale, it is not necessary to say more; for their biographies form a portion of the history of their country.

We cannot, however, conclude our labours without making a slight reference to the widow Moran, the inn-keeper at Turview. She lived many years after the Rebellion of 1798, and to the day of her death maintained that the only perfect specimen of a genuine Irish gentleman

that had ever been in her house, was Mr. P. Williams, of Elm-mount Lodge, Donnycarney, Coolock, in the County of Dublin."

During her long life she never visited Dublin but once, and that was on, what she called, "a party of pleasure." It was to see the celebrated Jemmy O'Brien, when convicted of a brutal and unprovoked murder, hanged at the front of Newgate! "After that," said the unforgiving widow Moran, "I am sure to die a happy and contented woman—in peace and charity with all the world!"

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